FOR PEOPLE WHO ENJOY BEING NUDE

Naturally

SPRING 2012

VIKING NUDIST CHRONICLES

A glimpse behind 40+ years of nudist photo journalism by Leif Heilberg

This continuing feature chronicles the years 1965-1977.

PART ONE

PHOTO – LEIF HEILBERG (Viking Photography)

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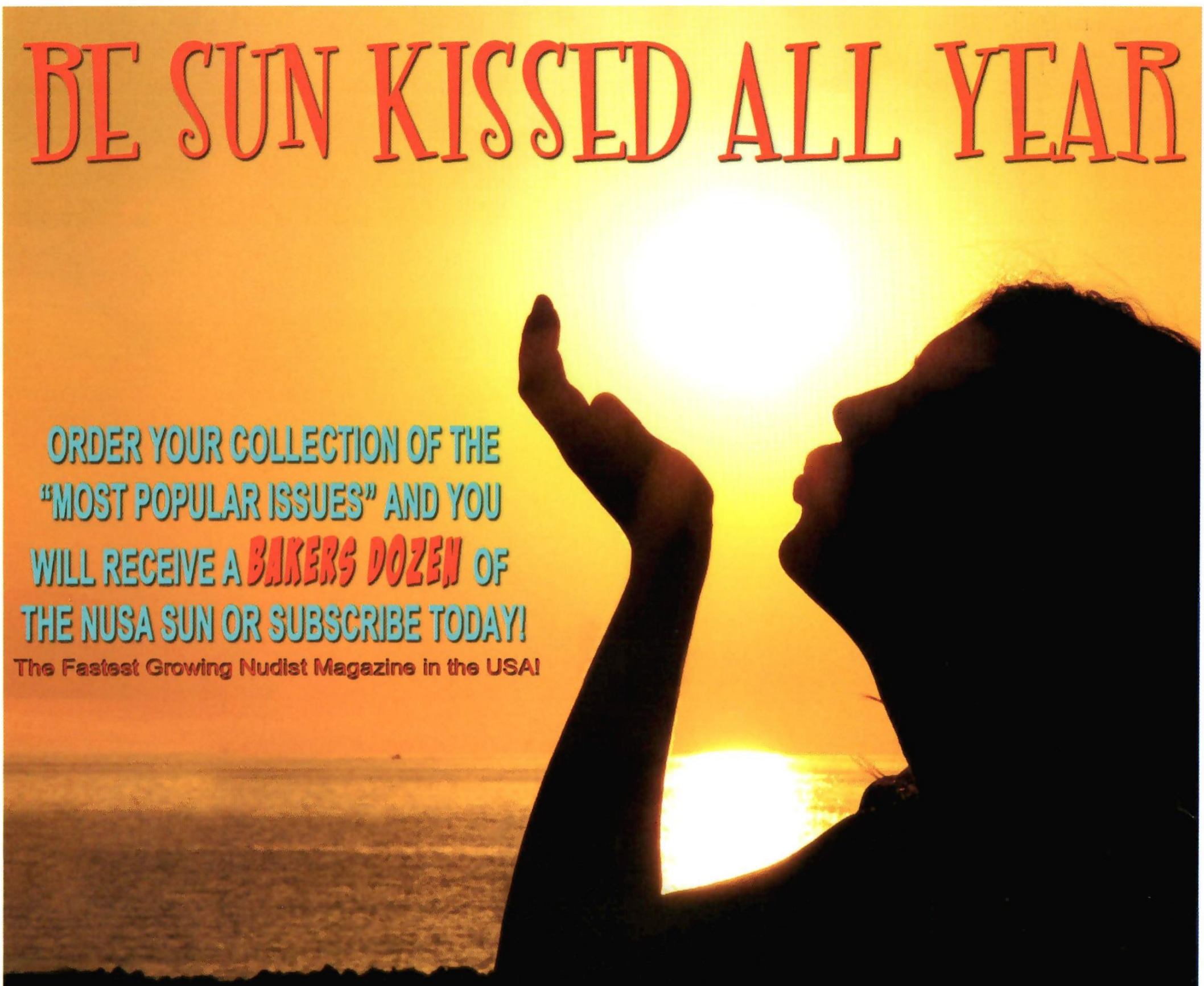

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SPRING 2012

Internaturally

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GUEST EDITORIAL

1981 photo of Leif Heilberg (a.k.a., Viking Photo)

The Viking Nudist Chronicles

by Bern Loibl

I met Leif Heilberg over 30 years ago at one of the early naturist gatherings in Florida. He was busy photographing the event when I had the privilege of being one of his photo subjects. We talked about his work and my magazine, and have been in touch ever since.

Although this vibrant, lively Scandinavian has been photographing nudes since 1957, he considered himself a "nudist" photographer after 1960 when he joined a nudist club in California. He started naturist photography first for a naturist publication used by Esperantists called *Naturista Vivo.*

As of 1961, Leif began taking nudist pictures for Ed Lang as well, and the following year Ed asked Leif to work for him. He worked as his photographer until the end of 1969. Almost all the pictures he took of nudist/naturist locations around the world belonged to Ed Lange's Elysium Inc. Leif was Elysium's "Our Man in Europe," also behind the "Iron Curtain." For this reason, Leif's own collection does not begin to amass until 1971, with a few earlier pictures taken in 1965, which is where we start our Viking Nudist Chronicles.

When he became a freelance photographer, he had experiences with a couple of agents, in Italy and in Japan, but neither worked out well. Finally, Terry Dell Agency in London contacted him, and through them *Health & Efficiency* used masses of his pictures over many years. With the death of the owner, a few of years ago, the Terry Dell Agency closed and Leif paid to get most of his images returned the him, although some had already been destroyed by then.

As a freelancer, his work appeared in virtually every nudist publication, including, of course, *Naturally* magazine. We love his pictures and wanted to share them with you, which is how we hit upon the idea of creating a repeating 16-page photo feature that would chronicle his work from the beginning to the present time. We can't think of a better way to show how nudist and naturist images and sensibilities have changed over the years.

Leif's work encompasses Europe, Eastern Block countries, the South Pacific, and the United States — mostly west coast locations. His studio — Viking Photography — derived its name from his Nordic heritage and is the inspiration behind our new feature in this and future *Naturally* editions. I hope you will enjoy it as much as I have when Sherry asked me to catalog and select images from his vast archive of about 150,000 pictures that fill a two-terabyte disk drive.

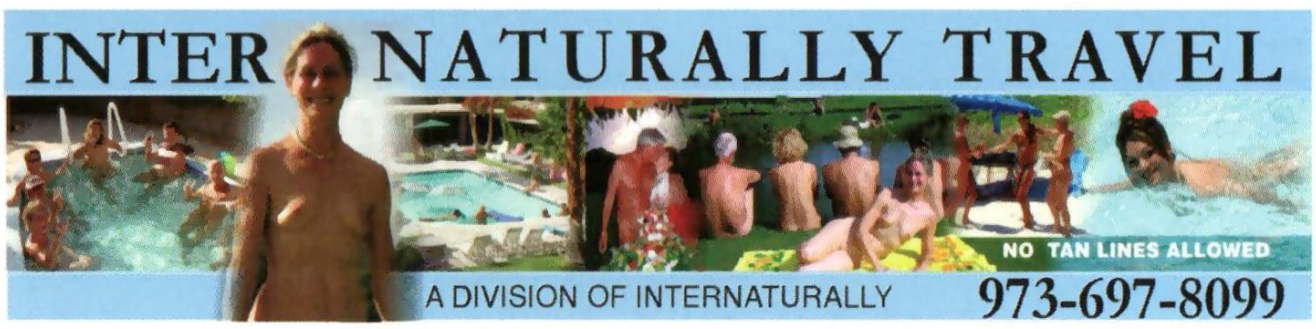
Beyond the naturist press, Leif has provided photos for the periodical of the Danish Youth Hostel Association and for German tabloids favored by housewives. He is also a sought-after wedding photographer.

The charismatic Leif credits his people skills with having learned English four years at school, German three years, Swedish two years, French one year, and Russian one year. But Esperanto also helped a lot, he says. "I met Esperantists in Moscow in 1959, participated in the Universal Congress of Esperanto in Warsaw, where I naturally met many Bulgarian Esperantists at the national Esperanto congress in Varna." He got in contact with other Esperantists in several countries through the Universal Esperanto Association. "Through that," he says, "I met various people in Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and East Germany (Die Ostzone, drueben, etc.)." He soon became president of the International Esperanto Naturist Organization. [Esperanto is considered the most widely spoken constructed international auxiliary language. Its name derives from Doktoro Esperanto (Esperanto translates as "one who hopes.")]

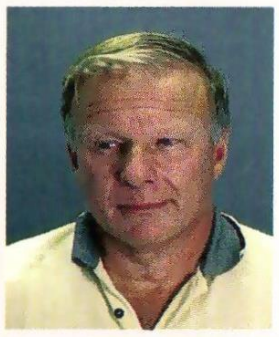
I asked Leif what changes over the years were most notable in his opinion — good or bad:

"I see, with regret, some clubs going over to be swingers," he said. "Although, individuals have been playing around for ages, I am of the opinion that this type of behavior should not be institutionalized."

As of this writing, Leif entered the hospital for a total hip replacement and is currently in recovery. We wish him all the best and thank him for his contribution to this issue, and his many years of continued support.



November 23, 2011



Car crash kills owner of Paradise Lakes nudist resort

by Lisa Buie, Times Staff Writer

The owner of Paradise Lakes, one of Pasco County's largest nudist resorts, died Sunday night [Nov 20] in a Texas vehicle crash that also critically injured his girlfriend.

John Forier, 61, of Land O'Lakes, was killed shortly after 11:30 p.m. after the 1997 Mercury sport utility vehicle he was driving veered off U.S. 385 near Hartley, a small town north of Amarillo, according to authorities. Forier tried to get back on the road but overcorrected, sending the SUV skidding across both lanes and causing it to overturn. Forier, who was not wearing a seat belt, was ejected from the SUV, the report said. Authorities pronounced him dead at the scene.

His girlfriend, Pamela Tanner, 51, also of Land O'Lakes, was wearing a seat belt. She was taken to Northwest Texas Hospital with critical head injuries.

Forier, who lived at the resort and in Martinique, bought the 72-acre nudist resort in 2007 with plans to renovate and expand it. His goal was to compete with nearby Caliente Resort and attract young people.

"All of the resorts are trending to get older and older," he told the Times in February. "We need to get new people used to the idea that it is acceptable."

Last year, Forier hired Jay and Amy Roberts to liven up the resort's entertainment and night life. The couple had been running popular pool parties at a mansion in Lutz, and Forier wanted to duplicate the success at Paradise Lakes.

Business doubled at Club Reveal, thanks to sexy themed parties. However, the increased emphasis on raciness drew criticism from some longtime residents. The resort also joined Caliente in leaving the American Association of Nude Recreation, an organization that emphasizes a family atmosphere in nudism.

"He was always very good to me," said Carolyn Hawkins, the association's public relations director, who had met Forier a few times. She said she was surprised when it severed ties with the organization.

Forier also planned a $4 million clubhouse expansion, which will triple the size of the nightclub, upgrade the gym and spa, and the addition of 14 luxury condos and a Japanese steak house. The resort is converting 48 of the 56 hotel

The Daily Nudes

NUDES FROM MAINSTREAM MEDIA

rooms into timeshares.

"We hope to be booming," Forier said earlier this year. "The more people who come in and try it, the more people will like it"

This report includes information from Times files.

posted on tampabay.com

December 6, 2011

Pasco Naturally editor Pam Tanner passes away

by Keli Sipperley

The accident that killed Paradise Lakes Resort owner John E. Forier on Nov. 20 in Texas has also claimed the life of his companion.

Pam Tanner, 51, of Land O' Lakes passed away late Sunday, Dec. 4, Paradise Lakes comptroller Stephanie Gibson said.

Tanner had been in critical condition since the car accident that also killed Paradise Lakes Resort owner John Forier on Nov. 20.

Tanner was a nurse at Tampa General Hospital, Gibson said. She also was the owner and editor of *Pasco Naturally*, a bimonthly news publication that reaches about 150,000 nudists locally and throughout the U.S., according to its website.

source: landolakes.patch.com

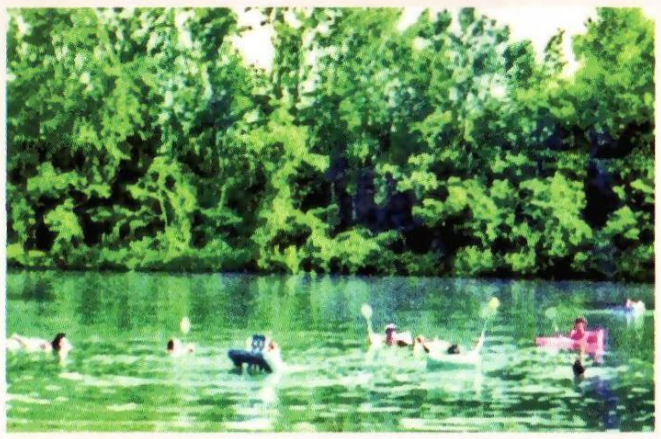
December 18, 2011

Pasco markets nudist resorts in nudist press

LAND O'LAKES, Florida—For the first time, Pasco County Commissioners are spending tourist tax dollars to promote the county as a destination for nudists.

Pasco has about a dozen nudist communities, including Lake Como, Caliente and Paradise Lakes, all of which are in Land O'Lakes and double as year-round resorts. Commissioners awarded a tourism development grant of nearly $4,000 to PANDAbare, which stands for Pasco Area Nudist Development Association.

Naturally magazine was among the nudist media chosen for a full-page advertisement. See back cover.



Nov. 20, 2011

Naturally FSU, nudist club, enjoys lake in Jefferson County

Thirty minutes outside of town, in Jefferson County, a group of students from Florida State University enjoy a variety of activities at Suntan Lake.

They camp out, enjoy bonfires and spend some days picnicking and playing games of volleyball. And they do all of this naked.

They are all members of an FSU club — Naturally FSU. They hold activities for people who want to embrace a "naturist lifestyle."

Source: fsunews.com

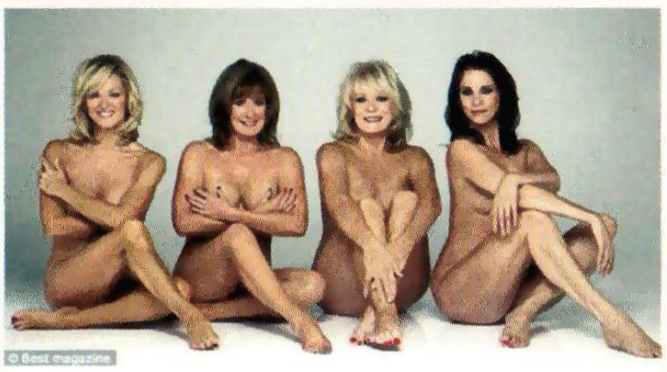


PHOTO: Gillian Taylforth, Beverley Callard, Sherrie Hewson and Andrea McLean bare all for Best magazine.

Sep 21, 2011

Nude soap stars protest ageism

A group of British soap opera actresses appear naked this month in *Best* magazine to raise awareness of age discrimination on television.

According to Jessica Laurence of AOL News, "The stars of Loose Women, Eastenders and Coronation Street have stripped bare for a photo shoot in *Best* magazine as part of a campaign to fight ageism in TV. Posing completely nude for the magazine's Body Image issue, Gillian Taylforth (EastEnders), Beverley Callard (Coronation Street), Sherrie Hewson and Andrea McLean (Loose Women) protested against the scarcity of roles for older women on television."

Source: Discovery News

November 21, 2011

CNN proclaims Jerolim beach on Hvar island in Croatia world's top nudist destination

Hvar is definitely becoming the world's hit destination. CNN has placed it on the list of Top 15 nudist destinations.

Jerolim Beach is located on one of Hvar Islands' very own archipelago of islands. CNN describes it as having special qualities such as "untouched, rocky shores and crystal clear waters."

The second on the list, behind the beach Jerolim, is beautiful Brazilian sandy beach Praia de Galheta in Santa Caterina, and third is the beach near Italian Marina di Camerota.

Jerolim was the first naturist island in Croatia and so it is well known and long established. Croatia has long been nudist friendly and began designating beaches in the 1960s. Today nudist beaches are dotted all around Croatia and easy to locate if you want to find them.

For those who didn't know, the popularity of nudist beaches came in part from a visit to Croatia by the abdicated King Edward VIII and his wife Wallis Simpson, who asked for and received permission to swim naked in the sea around the island of Rab.

Hvar Island is certainly reaping awards at the moment — Lonely Planet chose it as one of the top five destinations for 2012. And the readers of Conde Nast chose it for the eighth best European island. Praise indeed...

Hvar hotels have also been getting in on the action — Hotel Adriana was listed as one of the top 100 hotels of Fodor's choice, and *Sunday Times* proclaimed Riva one of the 100 best small hotels in Europe.

source: guide2croatia.net

The Daily Nudes

November 15, 2011

Artist Organizes Strip Poker Game In NY

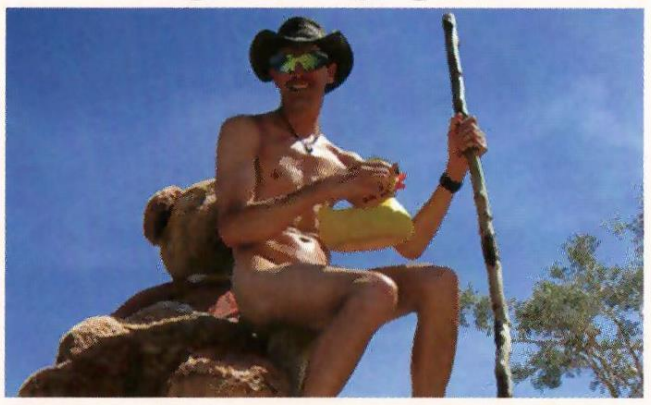
Strip poker art in the name of capitalism? In this age of unprecedented economic inequality, many are speaking out against those atop the capitalist food chain and attempting to unveil the injustice in our system. Artist Zefrey Throwell's new performance piece "I'll Raise You One..." will do a whole lot of unveiling, as 48 participants engage in a week-long strip poker tournament in front of a glass window in TriBeCa, New York.

How is this gambling romp art? Those who signed up to play were given no guidelines on what to wear. So while some came in just jeans and a t-shirt, others layered up in preparation. Players were all expected to play by the same rules, but with radically different means. Sound familiar? "There's an inherent statement about capitalism," explained a player.

Throwell's previous works have involved nudity as well, including the performance "Ocularpation: Wall Street" in which 50 people dressed as bankers and custodians stripped down to nothing in the middle of Wall Street. The piece brought "transparency" to Wall Street like never before, as well as disorderly conduct charges to three of the performers.

The strip poker art performance began on November 12 and will continue until the 19th at Art In General Gallery. Performances run from 10:30 am to 6 pm; stop by to see a bunch of strangers get risky and frisky all in the name of capitalism.

huffingtonpost.com



November 19, 2011

No more naked hiking in the Alps!

by Judy Molland

Hikers crossing the Alps in the nude may get more than just a chill after Switzerland's top court ruled they may be fined, validating a conservative region's bid to quash the practice.

On Thursday, November 17, a court rejected the appeal of a man slapped with a 100 Swiss franc ($109) fine. The man had walked naked past a family with small children at a picnic area and a Christian rehabilitation center for drug addicts one Sunday afternoon in the eastern canton (state) of Appenzell Ausserrhoden.

Only A Marginal Infringement On Personal Freedom

Judges said the eastern canton (region) of Appenzell had been entitled to uphold a law on public decency. They said the ban on naked hiking was only a marginal infringement on personal freedom.

From the BBC:

The BBC's Imogen Foulkes in Geneva says naked hiking is an increasingly popular pastime in Switzerland. However, Appenzell is a deeply devout and conservative canton – it only granted women the right to vote in 1990 – and the influx of naked hikers has offended many local people, she adds.

The new ruling applies to the entire country. Nude hikers may now have to look for another country which offers them a warmer welcome.

care2.com

December 19, 2011

Aniston's Wanderlust

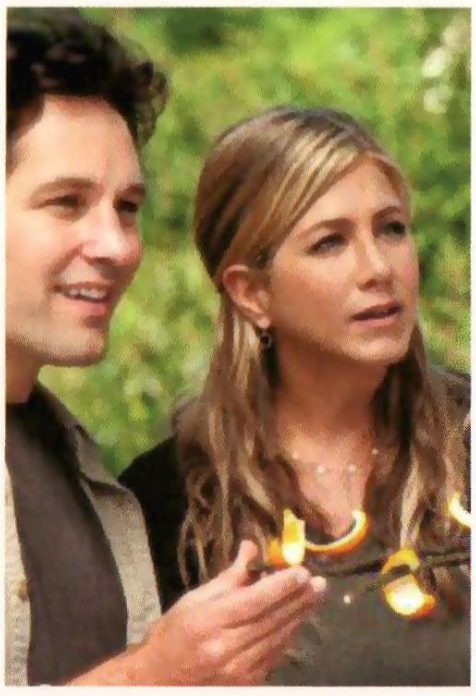
Jennifer Aniston combines nudity and comedy in the new Judd Apatow-produced flick, Wanderlust.

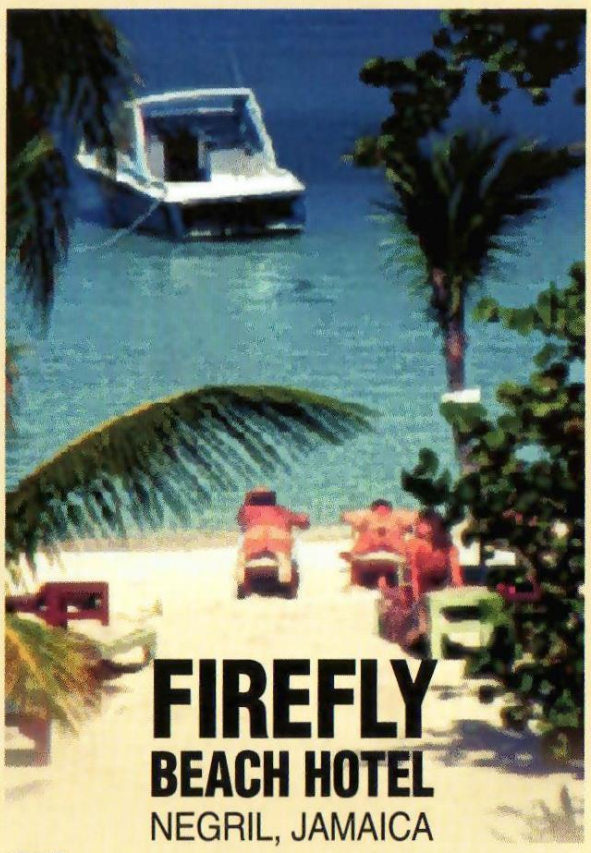
Aniston and co-star Paul Rudd play an uptight married couple who leave New York after the husband loses his job. So, they head out to the country for a tree-change and stop at a bed and breakfast that turns out to be a "free love" commune. *Naturally.*

And so the comical situations begin: the couple is shocked by nudist hippies (and almost run one over), while Aniston gets her fair share of boob jokes, especially one particularly hilarious poke as she milks a goat. Yes, Jennifer Aniston milking a goat ... with her real-life squeeze Justin Theroux as her teacher. Yep, it's must-see viewing, replete with a "work the shaft" euphemism.

The supporting cast includes Malin Akerman, Alan Alda and Ray Liotta.

source: yourmovies.com.au





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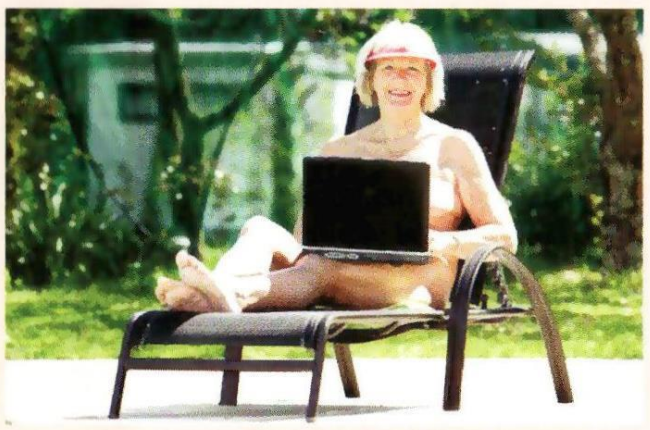


Kay Hannam, owner of Wai-Natur

November 21, 2011

Wai-Natur Naturist Park takes top honors

Clubs of Marlborough [New Zealand] staff and supporters celebrated as they were announced Supreme Award winners at a business excellence awards dinner.

One of several awards, The Environment Award, went to Wai-Natur Naturist Park on its way to the top commendation at a formal dinner at the Marlborough Convention Center.

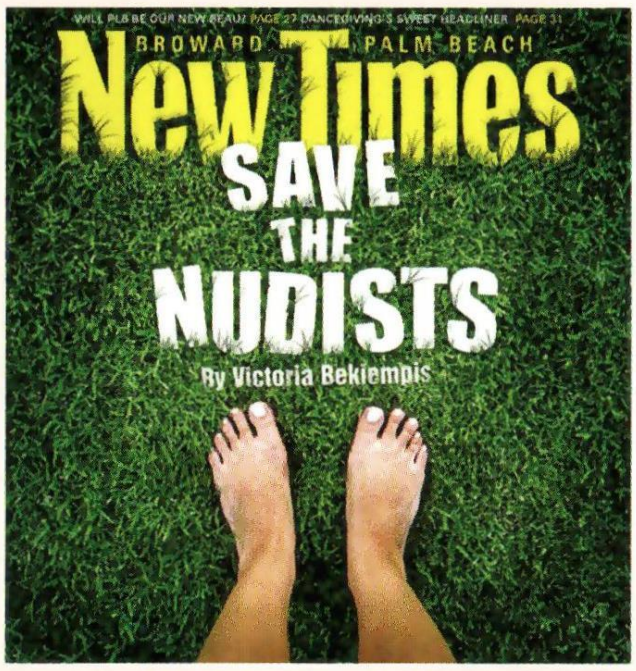
About 180 people were at the dinner and 13th chamber celebration of Marlborough businesses.

Joint winner of the Environment award Wai-Natur Naturist Park owner Kay Hannam said it must be difficult to choose a winner, but her business was philosophically well placed to be environmentally friendly.

"We have to remember that the naturist's philosophy is based on respect," she said.

"Respect for ourselves, respect for each other and respect for the environment."

Source: The Marlborough Express



November 24, 2011

Save the Nudists! The Florida Young Naturists Keep the Clothes-Free Lifestyle Alive

by Victoria Bekiempis

Robbe White is a 27-year-old with a head of cherubic, golden curls. His girlfriend, 24-year-old Anna Phillips, is pretty and sun-kissed, with long, chestnut hair. Phillips is eight months pregnant, but otherwise, these two look like the stereotypical, All-American boy and girl next door. Except for one detail: They spend most of their time naked.

White and Phillips both come from conservative Christian families. White spent childhood vacations from school as a missionary in tropical foreign lands. Phillips has seven siblings and was raised to believe that birth control is evil. So these two might seem unlikely leaders of a nudist revival movement. But they run the Florida Young Naturists, a group of 18- to 30-year-olds who gather throughout the year to spend weekends au naturel, slipping down water slides, squatting in yoga poses, and beating drums around bonfires.

Being naked, White says, is "really freeing... As far as why I've started [FYN] and how it's paid off with me — there have just been so many positive stories that have come out of this. People have come for the first time and left the weekend crying. So many people have said, "Wow, this was really great!"

"People that have self-image issues, weight issues, stuff like that... naturism really does kind of break down walls, and people feel loved and accepted and free in their own skin," White says. "It's really a community experience."

It's hard to quantify exactly how many nudists there are in the United States today. The American Association for Nude Recreation (AANR), which was founded in 1931 and is now based in Kissimmee, currently has 48,000 dues-paying members. AANR focuses on advocacy and tourism, connecting naturists to nudist resorts, nude cruises, and places to spend their "nakations." The Naturist Society (TNS), the country's other main nudist organization, is based in Wisconsin and has 25,000 dues-paying households. Its focus is on promoting body acceptance through education and outreach.

Spokespersons for both organizations suggest that the cold, hard membership figures don't even come close to representing the massive numbers of people who like to frolic sans clothes. Carolyn Hawkins of the AANR says that several thousand people can be found on nude beaches any given weekend. Nicky Hoffman of TNS points to a 2006 Roper Poll (commissioned by TNS) that found that one in four Americans — roughly 70 million people — have skinny-dipped or sunbathed in the nude.

Nudism, or naturism (the latter term emphasizes the connection with nature), was practiced by ancient societies before Puritanism took over. Though guys like Ben Franklin and Henry David Thoreau reportedly liked to take walks naked ("air baths," they called them), nudism didn't really gain steam in the Western world until the advent of clothing-free spas in Germany in the 19th century. In the U.S., nude recreation began to take hold publicly in the 1950s, but the first nudists in the U.S. feared discussing their habits for concern over being thought of as perverse and losing their jobs. The lifestyle would not grow to be accepted more widely until Woodstock, and it remained relatively strong into the 1980s. Today, however, says TNS' Nicky Hoffman, "the majority of our members are 45 and up." So the clothes-free lifestyle could be in danger of dying out — unless younger generations keep it alive.

Hoffman says groups like FYN play "a very important role" in sustaining the culture.

Hawkins echoes that sentiment, lamenting that "the younger generation — they're not joiners. That's unfortunate because we're protecting their right to be nude, to visit a nude beach, to go to a club when they want to." Her grandson runs the Florida chapter of Vita Nuda, a young-adults offshoot of AANR. He performs outreach by speaking at colleges and bringing photography and psychology classes on tours of the Orlando-area nudist resort.

Of course, current laws and social mores dictate that it is rarely possible, and in many cases illegal, to go about one's day-to-day business in the buff. In New York, courts have made clear that women as well as men are allowed to bare their breasts in public, and in Miami-Dade County, publicly funded Haulover Beach was officially recognized as clothing-optional in the 1990s. But most of the nation is far more restrictive. Some municipalities even have pages-long definitions of the human buttocks in city code to criminalize their exposure. Law-enforcement officers have the latitude to charge naked people with a variety of offenses, like lewd behavior, indecent exposure, or disturbing the peace.

Tasked with researching the whole young nudist scene, this New Times reporter decided there was only one way to investigate: in the buff.

I had a few obvious concerns: Would I need sunscreen? Where would I keep my keys? As a skeptical "textilist," or clothes wearer, I also wondered about the potential downside: Is naturism safe? Is it just a cover for sweaty, patchouli-scented bacchanalia? Or worse, a hideout for pervs?

As the FYN's website states, "Naturism is a beautiful way of life that can be enjoyed at locations across America and the world. Lucky for us, Florida is a particularly great climate to practice this natural lifestyle."

Complete article in: Broward Palm Beach New Times

December 12, 2011

Naked Santas attempt to break world record in San Francisco

Posted by Spencer Devine

Participants undress as they attempt to break the world record for the most naked Santas in one spot at the tenth annual San Francisco SantaCon in Washington Square Park Saturday Dec. 10. Photo by Henry Nguyen.

San Francisco is a city with a penchant for public nudity. So, with the holidays coming up, what could be truer to its culture than to make history counting Santas decked out in only their candy canes and jingle bells?

With the 10th annual San Francisco SantaCon, a city-wide gathering of individuals in Santa suits taking the city by storm, a Guinness world record was attempted in Washington Square Park Dec. 10 to gather the most naked Santas in one spot. With the entire park filled with Santas, the moment seemed like history in the making.

Some onlookers already knew of SantaCon, but a few were surprised when they found out what was being prepared in the park.

"This is all kind of weird. It's just gonna be a bunch of dudes getting naked," said Sam K., a San Francisco resident.

On the other hand some spectators were thrilled for the opportunity to see such a unique event. Local Rick Hayes said the event was actually normal, or at least normal for the city.

"I heard of this and I thought to myself, 'Awesome! There can never be enough Guinness records about naked people,'" Hayes said.

Tex Allen, celebrating his seventh year of SantaCon, said he decided to organize the naked Santa Guinness record attempt when he visited the bar one night and thought, "What good-natured and wide-scale prank can I do to add to SantaCon?"

"What else can we do better at in SF?" Allen said. "San Francisco is where culture like this – setting restraints aside and making your own fun – happens; it's natural here."

The park was a sea of red and white, undulating with Christmas spirit. Santas of all sizes, shapes and backgrounds made friends and signed release forms to later be counted in the naked Santa record. Sprinkled throughout the crowd were various other Christmas caricatures such as polar bears, elves, reindeer and even the ever-elusive Waldo.

The whole park was one big Christmas party for the gaggle of Santas. Events that popped up here and there involved Santa twister, Santa chicken fights and even a Santa piñata hung from a tree. Although counting every Santa was unrealistic, the whole park was full of Santas partying.

Nicoletta Yeutter, a San Francisco resident, said that this sort of event really brought everyone together and was natural for the city's energy.

"We like to dress up, or down, for any reason no matter what the cost," Yeutter said. "I've lived her for three years and I've never done anything like this."

Allen wanted to give the residents of San Francisco a new experience, something even more outrageous than SantaCon itself. Allen said that he saw the record as not only a national challenge, but a challenge to the Santas of the world.

"I want to see Russia, New York and London vie for this record because they have way more Santas at their disposal," Allen said. "I have thrown down the gauntlet, the black and white glove, because I want this to be a competition, although I don't think anyone can beat San Francisco."

Sadly, not all went as Allen had originally planned. With a rowdy crowd of Santas, and without a sufficient stereo system, announcements and rules were lost on the masses and at most approximately a dozen straggling nude Santas were gathered.

Allen said that there was no viable way to count with the chaotic way that the event had turned out and therefore no record would be made that day, but that this was a learning year and next year organization would prevail.

"This is where you set the script for the future, and that script goes out and mutates; the event multiplies, and that's how magic happens," Allen said.

Golden Gate Express

December 30, 2011

Duo faces charges after nude McDonald's run

GALESBURG, Illinois — Two people who pulled up at a McDonald's drive-thru in western Illinois completely naked face public indecency charges.

Police in Galesburg say a 19-year-old El Paso man and a 21-year-old Galesburg woman have been released from Knox County Jail after being ordered to appear in court to face the charges.

WGIL Radio reports that the duo was still in the McDonald's parking lot when officers arrived just before 2 a.m. Wednesday. Police say the man was crouched over in the driver's seat trying to pull on a pair of pants while his passenger was covering up in a blanket.

WGIL reports that the pair told officers the late night fast-food run might not have been a great idea but that they both still thought it was funny.

cbsnews.com

January 8 2012

No pants subway ride hits New York City for 11th year

Straphangers throughout New York City nonchalantly stripped to their underwear from the waist down Sunday afternoon as part of a global practical joke.

It's like commuting, but without the pants.

Straphangers throughout New York City nonchalantly stripped to their underwear from the waist down Sunday afternoon as part of a global practical joke coordinated by prankster outfit Improv Everywhere.

To participate in the 11th annual No Pants Subway Ride, the only requirements were people had to be "willing to take pants off on subway" and "able to keep a straight face about it," organizers said in a post on their website.

To maintain the surreal atmosphere, the pantsless commuters were instructed to chat, read and listen to music like they normally would have if clothed.

Dozens of other cities, including London, Washington and Mexico City, were also slated to strip off their pants on public transit today, organizers said.

Improv Everywhere began in 2001 in New York City with the mission of organizing crowds to get laughs by pulling public pranks.

More than 6,300 people had accepted a Facebook invitation to participate in the event by 3 p.m. Sunday.

New York Daily News

VIKING NUDIST CHRONICLES

PART 1

A glimpse behind 45 years of nudist photojournalism by Leif Heilberg

This feature chronicles the years 1965-1977.
The title Viking Nudist Chronicles is derived from Leif's photo studio, Viking Photography.

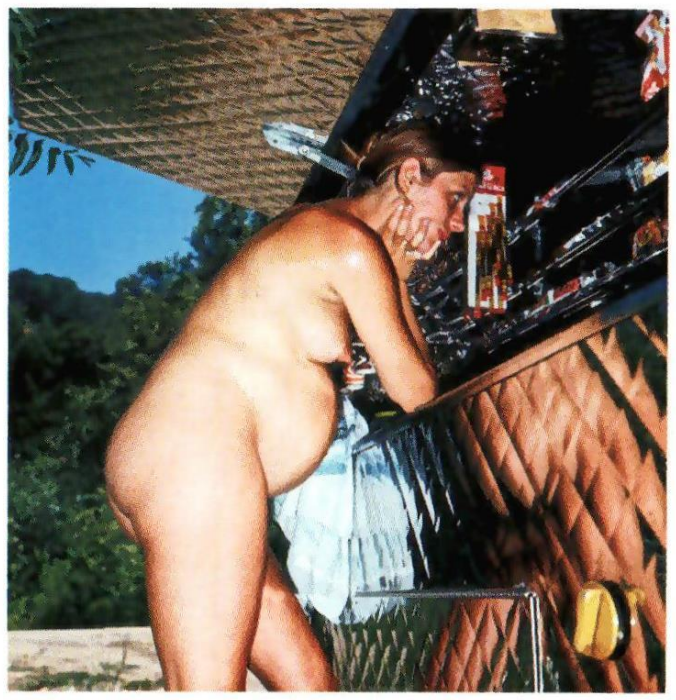
1965, Tahiti

This photo is one of Leif Heilberg's earliest from his files. Photos prior to 1965 belonged to Elysium Inc., or have been destroyed by Heilberg's agency when its owner died. We start our chronicle to his lifelong devotion here — a visual record in time and place when naturism and nudism changed the world for millions of people.

1971

Rawhide Ranch, California

Laguna del Sol has been a nudist club since 1961. It was known as "Rawhide Ranch" from the early 1970s until 1991, when it returned to its beautiful, original name. Since 1984, under the current ownership, the resort has grown from 70 acres to 250 acres in size and has steadily added new facilities and upgraded existing ones. Several dozen people make their permanent homes here. Many others lease permanent sites for RVs and park model cottages, which they use as second homes or weekend getaways. Visiting vacationers come from across the country and even internationally to this beautiful resort. For locals, Laguna del Sol is their year-round social and recreation club.



1972, The Sequoians, California

The Sequoians is a family friendly clothes-free nudist park in a beautiful oak, bay and madrone foothill forest. The park is located in a warm micro-climate in the center of the East Bay, near San Francisco. The Sequoians is a cooperative corporation operated by the members. The Sequoians is the oldest established nudist facility in the Bay Area, incorporated in 1947, and is a member of the American Association for Nude Recreation (AANR) and International Naturist Federation (INF).

1972, Sanrobles party, Hayward, California

In the year 1952, a group of nudists located in the San Francisco and Oakland areas founded a traveling, social nudist club. Hence, San Robles was born. Different activities include organized trips to different family-friendly nudist resorts and private members-only parties in different members' homes. All members of San Robles are also proud members of AANR and AANAR West

1972, Lake Danao, Leyte, Philippines

Lake Danao is a guitar-shaped lake on the island of Leyte, Philippines, covering an area of 148 hectares (370 acres). It is situated in the 2,193 hectares (5,420 acres) Lake Danao National Park, which also includes the Amandiwin mountain range. The lake is 18 kilometres (11 mi) northeast of Ormoc City, half an hour drive along the San Pablo - Tongonan and Milagro - Lake Danao roads.

1973, Forest Murmurs, Washington

Forest Murmurs Travel Club is a nudist club which you will find in Lacey. It is a full member of the American Association for Nude Recreation (AANR) and is considered one of the oldest nudist clubs in the Northwest area. Since 1950, some nudists from the Olympia peninsula gathered together to build, plan, develop and enjoy a setting for nude social activities. It too aims at promoting nudism as a wholesome and normal social activity. In 1956, the club received its membership charter from the American Sunbathing Association, (now AANR). This nudist club was first based in Port Orchard then it moved to a couple other states until it finally reached its current home where it became a travel club in 1993. To date, members take pride in the sustained spirit of friendliness, enthusiasm and desire to continuously uphold nudism in the Northwest. Most of its current members live in the areas of Seattle, Port Angeles, Elma, Olympia and Washington. Members still hold the traditional "Forest Murmurs Olympic Games" each year, where fun and prizes await everybody!

Trophy winners at the 1973 Nude Olympics held at Forest Murmers.

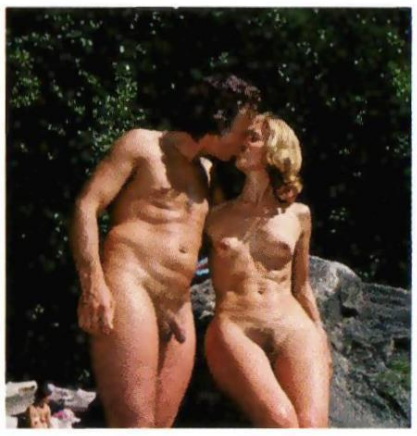
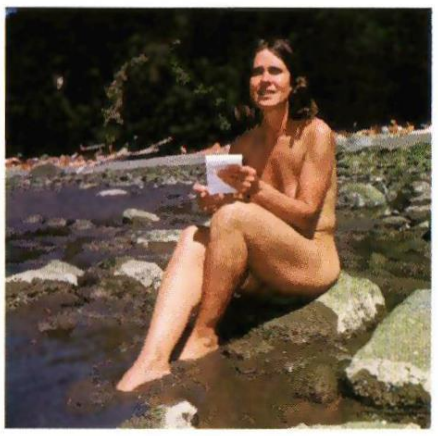
1973, Sunny Trails Club, Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada

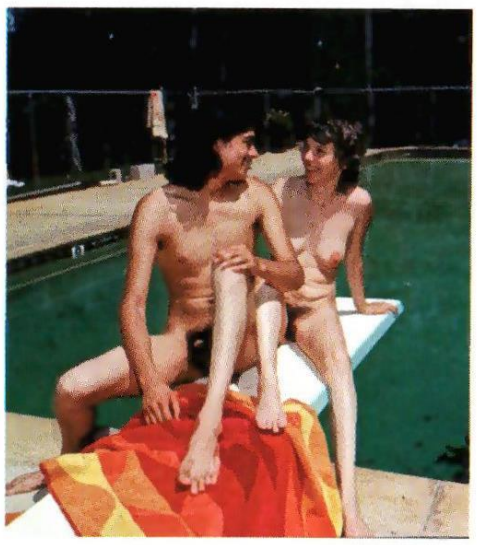
Sunny Trails Club was founded in 1952 by the Father of Canadian Nudism, Ray Connett. Inspired by American nudist magazines and visits to British naturist parks, he created a novel idea — a social club in his native Canada designed to provide indoor activities during the winter. A chance post office meeting put the Connetts in touch with a Surrey farmer who had some available land suitable for a nature park. They were introduced to twenty acres of secluded woodlands, complete with two babbling brooks, on the outskirts of Vancouver. The Connetts' offer of a long-term lease with option to buy was enthusiastically accepted. They soon learned of a neighboring 22-acre parcel and private road that were on the market. In one season, Sunny Trails had doubled its property and become second only to Ontario's Norhaven in area. The 1960s ushered in a period of financial concerns. Sunny Trails Sun Club reconsidered honoring its commitment to host the 1962 American Sunbathing Association convention and opted to suspend its ASA and WCSA affiliation until Sunny Trails could reorganize — a period that would last nearly two decades. The club reconsidered its prohibitions on touching, drinking and colorful language. The "new nudist look" also introduced the clothing-optional policy to replace the compulsory nudity rules for all areas except the pool, sauna and hot tub. These progressive attitudes led to a split in 1969, with the traditionalist members forming the Meadowbrook Sun Club.

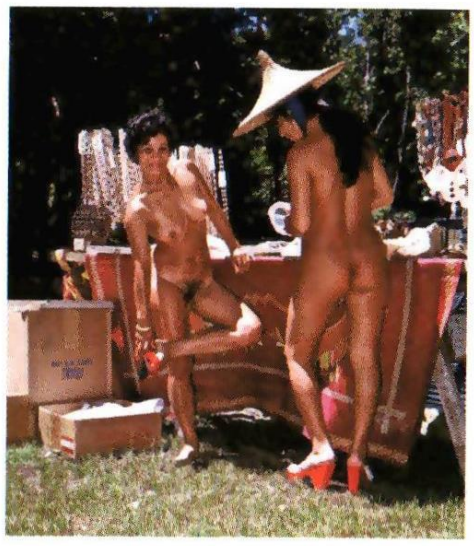
1973, Meadowbrook Sun Club, Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada

1974, Wreck Beach, Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada

Amid the surf, sand and trees at the end of miles of rocks and sand lies this beach, where clothing-optional sunbathing is permitted. The festive atmosphere here includes children, seniors and everyone in between. Located near the University of British Columbia , it even has its own society that organizes events like sandcastle building, an art show, beach ball, kite-flying and sand croquet - all sans apparel. Vendors sell everything from jewelry and clothing to special cookies and beer. Get your hair cut, a massage or even a pedicure.

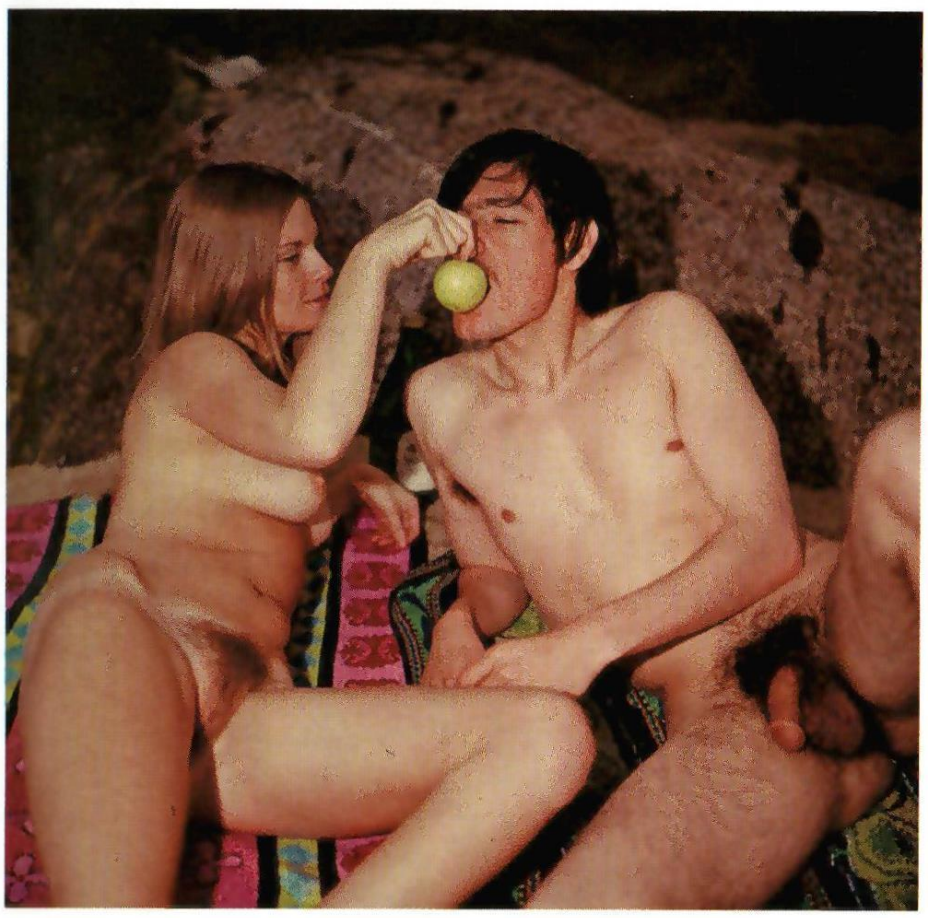







1974, Tan Oaks Park, California

They bore names like "Suntanners," "Sun-O-Ma," "Madrones," "Eden West," "Oakleaf Ranch," "Calyptus Grove," "Cottontail Club," "Valentine Acres," and eventually "Tan Oaks Park." These and others arose, struggled valiantly, and then sank for a variety of contributing causes common to such small ventures, especially ones as controversial as nudist parks in earlier, less tolerant days.



1974, Edun Cove Beach (now Gray Whale Cove), Hawaii

This beach has been identified as being either an official or unofficial clothing-optional beach with common nude use. This beach is also known as Devil's Slide.

1975, Shangri La Ranch, Arizona

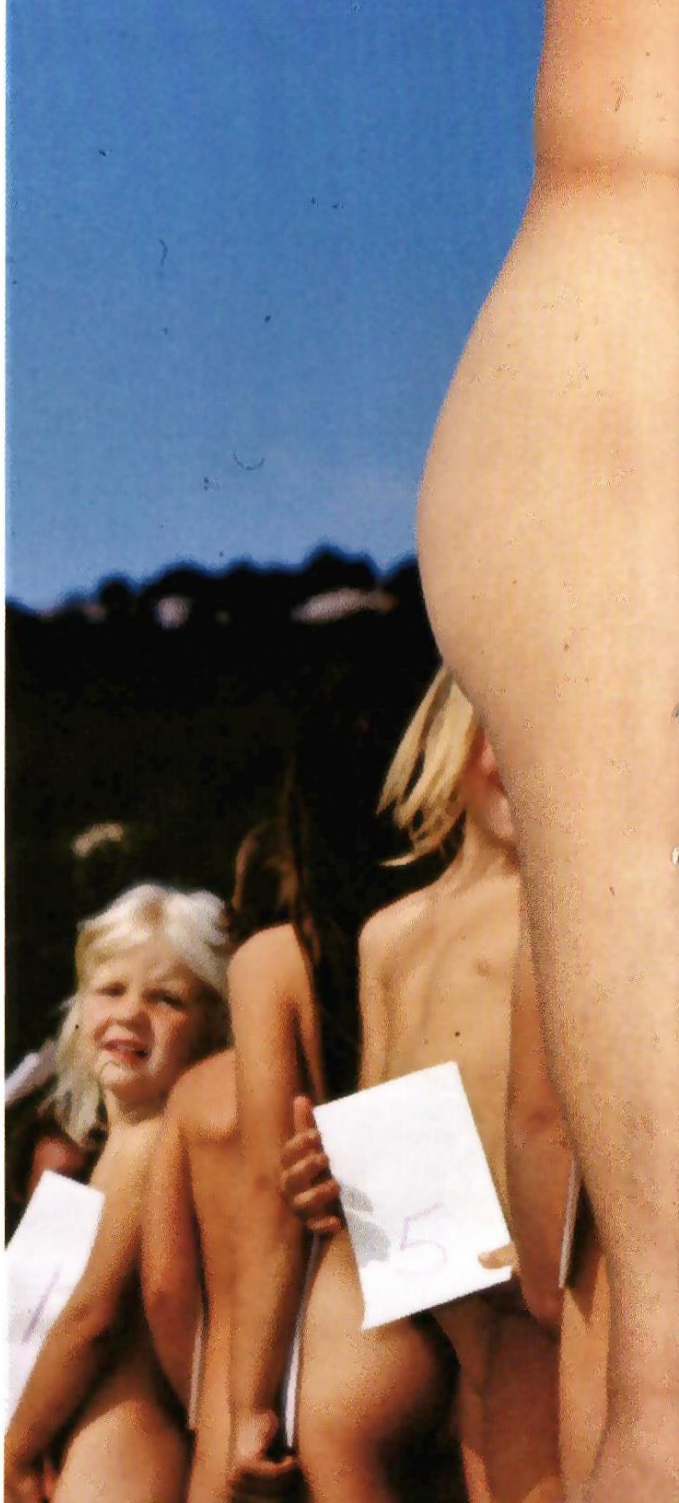
Shangri La is a family friendly facility that welcomes everyone interested in naturism. The emphasis is on freedom of choice. You select the activity that suits you, from quiet relaxation in the spa , sauna or on the pool deck, to swimming, volleyball, water volleyball, tennis, basketball, horseshoes or hiking trails. A clubhouse, children's playground and laundry are available. The pool is maintained at a comfortable temperature year round. No bathing suits are allowed in the pool.

1975, Olive Dell Ranch, Colton, California

Olive Dell Ranch is a popular Southern California nudist resort for families and couples. Located in Colton, just a few miles from San Bernardino and Riverside, close to many of Southern California's main tourist attractions. It's an ideal spot to enjoy the nudist/naturist lifestyle whether visiting for the day or an overnight stay. Facilities include hookups and camp sites for extended stays and numerous amenities such as tennis court, hiking, swimming pool and jacuzzi, as well as a sauna and Olive Dell's Cafe Delicious, run by the Olive Dell family and renowned for its outstanding home cooking.

1975, Hawaii Nudist Club, Hawaii

Hawaii has the potential of being the ultimate naturist paradise, with incredible beaches, scenic wonders, and sublime climate. Unfortunately, political resistance and cultural perspectives are still lagging in this eventuality.

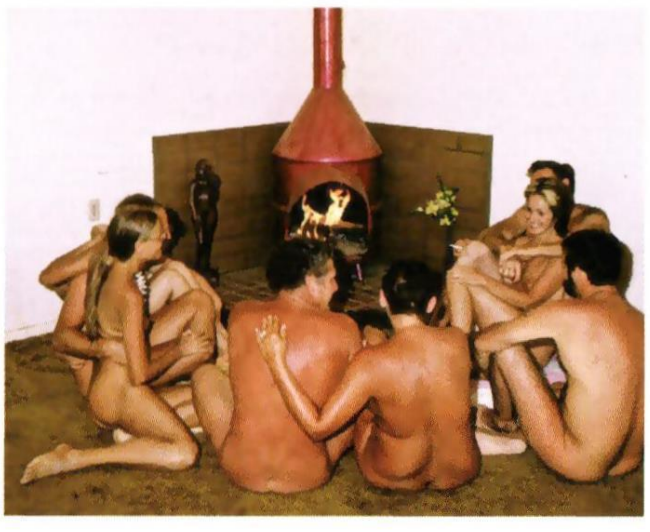


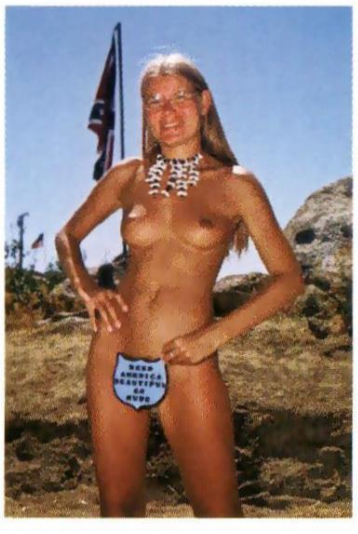
1976, Samagatuma, California

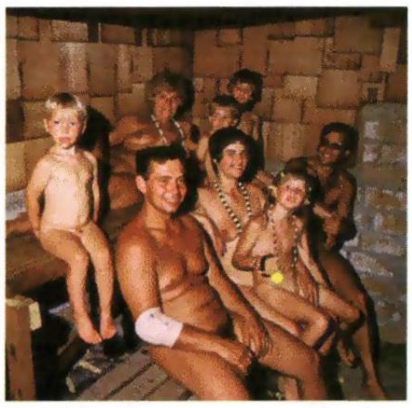
Samagatuma, its name roughly translated from the local native tongue as "water-place-spread-in-the-sun," was another of Southern California's collection of desert oases that thrived in the early days of American nudism. Opened as the Pow-Wow RV Ranch in 1936, the clothing-free trailer park was just off Mussey Grade Road in the canyon lands south of Ramona, California. In 1984, after nearly fifty years, Samagatuma was sold and the new owners converted the RV park to clothing-required. Nevertheless, the property was the center of an interesting debate two years later. San Diego County supervisors pondered a public nudity ban in response to "week-end nudists" who began camping again at the old sun club with the approval of management!

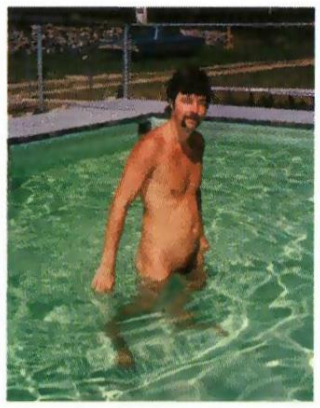
1976, Mt. Terrace Ranch, California

Plowing ahead with another nudist park in Southern California that, sadly, did not survive the long haul.









1976, Sunway Society, Washington

Sunway Society organized in 1938, and chartered as an ASA affiliate the following year, with the expressed goal of having each associate in command. They voted on club business, bylaw and camp rule changes as well as officer elections. The Spokane sun club — with all 15 members present — was able to purchase 129.5 hectares of Washington state bush land in 1941 for $1000! The mortgage was $100 per annum, with taxes so low they weren't worth mentioning.

They soon became one of the most modern clubs in the Pacific Northwest. Sunway Society, slated to host the 1955 ASA Convention, understood that their thirty-plus cabins and other improvements weren't enough. In order to accommodate the hundreds of expected visitors, they built a large two-story clubhouse with a commanding view of the facilities and surrounding forest. The lodge housed a huge fireplace — perfect for those cool late-season evenings — a stage, snack bar and an indoor shuffleboard court.

Today, the traditions of the Sunway Society pioneers continue as Kaniksu Ranch. They celebrated seventy years of AANR affiliation in 2009 and have proudly sponsored the Bare Buns Fun Run annually in July since 1984. Their season runs from April through October and they chedule many events for members and visitors alike.

Source: nudistclubhouse.com

Lake Associates, now known as Lake Associates Recreation Club (a.k.a. LARC), is a family-friendly nudist camp. Every year, the resort is flocked to by people from all walks of life in different shapes and sizes. Everybody is welcome to join this organization as long as they accept the wholesomeness of the naked body. Clothing-optional lifestyle is practiced here without malice or sexual agendas. Members are also expected to work as a team in making the whole camp an ideal place for family recreation. Guests are not required to disrobe; however, when the weather permits, nude recreation becomes the norm and you will see everybody in their natural state. Here you will see ample wildlife — hawks, deer and eagles soaring high. The grounds include waterfalls, nature trails and streams. What better way to relax than by spending time in a place like paradise?

We hope you enjoyed this small slice of Leif Heilberg's extraordinary pictures.
A naturist photojournalist for over 40 years, he still provides naturist publications
with great new images each year.

LOOK FORWARD TO PART 2 IN THE SUMMER ISSUE!

Northern California: from desert to the redwoods to seashore

article and photos by Sarene McGregor and Richard Bertram

Choosing from all of our trips to the West Coast (Washington, Oregon and most recently, California), we would have to vote Northern California the most naturist friendly. Without trying very hard, we found clothing-optional nude beaches, hot springs, and even creeks.

In addition to these, we found many uninhabited places, which were not designated "nude," but were places tucked away on the seashores or in the woods and allowed for clothes-free hiking, swimming, or sun bathing.

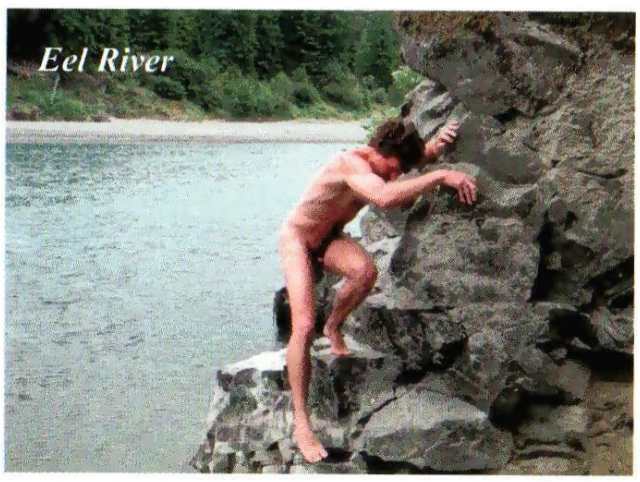
Our trip began at Harbin Hot Springs, a beautiful, sparsely vegetated, desert-like, mountainous and hilly area three hours northeast of San Francisco. This is a community with over 5,000 acres of developed land and many more acres of woodlands. They have large soaking pools, workshops, two cafes, cottages, domes, camping, camping tents, dormitories, gift shops, massage, yoga classes, dances, spiritual gatherings, beautiful gardens and hiking trails and retreats. One of the distinguishing features of Harbin Hot Springs is that nudity is allowed not just at the soaking areas, but in other areas away from the parking lots and roads. We took advantage of this after a swim by spreading a blanket in the grass under some large trees and reading and napping nude in the warm midday heat. Some other nice features were a large swimming pool, and nightly movies. Our stay at Harbin was short, but the highlight of our visit was our experience staying in one of their newly renovated domes. It was disappointing that photography was not allowed within the community, but we managed a photograph on one of the hiking trails. Nude hiking is not only allowed, but

The Harbin desert

Richard in a Redwood

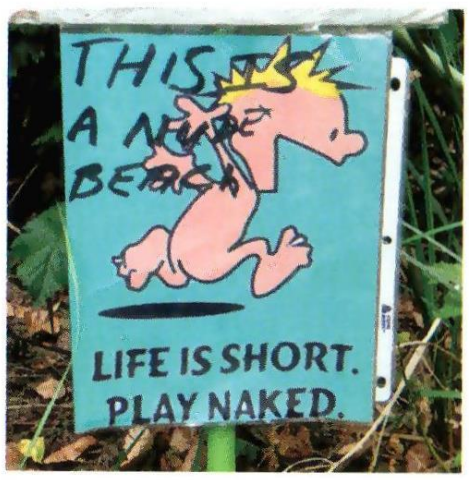
almost necessary on the Ridge Trail in mid July.

After leaving the hot springs we traveled north toward the Redwoods. We traveled through many miles of vineyards and then beautiful seashore towns. Our next stop was the Avenue of the Giants, which is a 31-mile portion of old Highway 101. This parallels Freeway 101 and includes 51,222 acres of redwood groves. The Avenue of the Giants is within the Humboldt Redwoods State Park which has the largest remaining stand of virgin redwoods in the world. We found a perfect little cabin right on the avenue that was in the middle of an organic vegetable and fruit farm. What we didn't realize at the time when we reserved the cabin (via the internet), it was one of only a few places, other than camp sites, available for weekly rentals along the Avenue. This gem of a park was never crowded, and most of those who drove through the park only stopped at the frequent turn outs to photograph the enormous trees. We hiked many miles of trails during our week stay, and only two or three times did we see other people hiking. With the natural setting, this was perfect for nude photography. It was easy, leisurely posing amongst these magnificent giants! It was also possible to hike nude here, as Rich did along one of the more strenuous trails.



The Eel River, which was named by the Indians for the abundant eels, meanders throughout most of the drive through these redwoods. It is littered by colorful rocks and stones, high cliffs and clear water. It was an ideal place to disrobe and enjoy the cool air and refreshing water.

After leaving the Redwoods, we traveled south to the Point Reyes National Seashore. A very interesting thing happened as we were driving along 101 and stopped for a picnic lunch. We climbed down an embankment to get away from the dirt roadside



pull off area. We couldn't believe our luck when we found a sign that said, "This is a nude beach, life is short, play naked!" This area was on a creek feeding into the Russian River. Since it was a cloudy cool day in the middle of

Sculptured beach

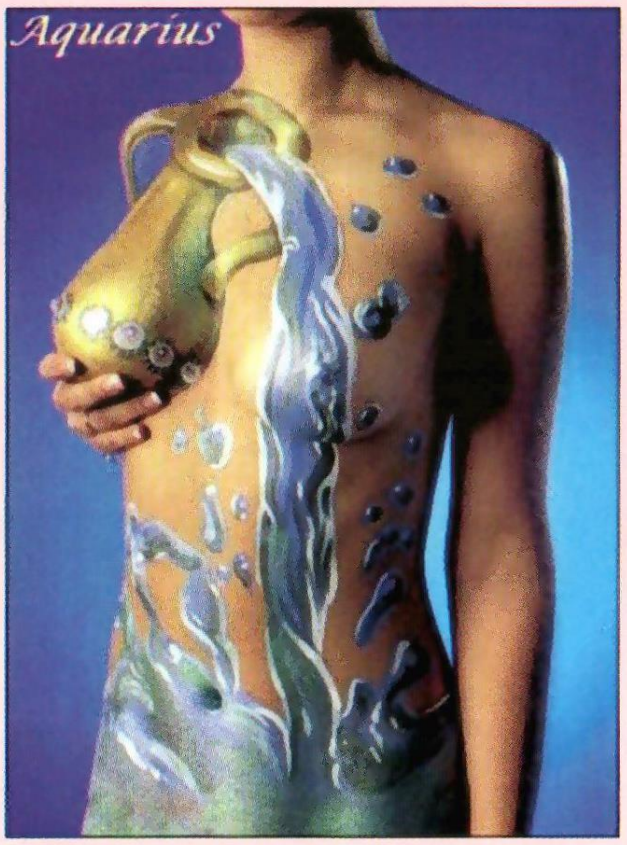
the week, we were the only ones using the area. It was great spreading the blanket, getting nude, and eating lunch by the creek. On sunny weekend days it must attract a crowd.

We saved the best for last: Point Reyes National Seashore. Had we known how exquisite the landscapes of each beach at this National Seashore were and how uniquely different, we would have planned more time for exploration. We found all areas beautiful and unspoiled. There are many things to do here, including hiking on trails and mountains, long beach walks, and kayaking. There are also excellent restaurants in the small town of Point Reyes Station. Since Point Reyes is only a few hours drive from San Francisco it can get crowded, especially on week-ends. When you go off the roads and into nature, the crowds get much thinner. Some beaches are clothing-optional, while some of the others are remote enough that bathing suits can come off (although clothing starts to make sense on the windy and cool Pacific beaches). Our favorite of all was Sculptured Beach. We thought we had to hike down steep cliffs to get to this beach, but found out quite by chance that access to the beach can be made by hiking two miles south from Limantour Beach. The weather was perfect, and although we did not see a lot of people, we did encounter a group of boy scouts hiking along the ocean's edge. The rocks were perfect for a few nude photographs of Rich. The tide was low and we were able to sunbathe nude on rocks as the waves crashed all around us.

After a few days in Reyes we headed down Highway 1 to San Francisco to catch the plane back home. It's always a letdown to end one of our West Coast vacations, and this was no exception. We found Northern California to be a really great place to spend vacation time. Once away from San Francisco, the population drops quickly, and the little towns and cities up in Mendocino and Humboldt counties all have character. The nature is spectacular, and free, and lodging and meals are not expensive, particularly when compared with southern California. And, as we also found out, naturists have no problem being naturists in northern California.

Limantour Beach

by Paul LeValley



Artist unknown, Aquarius body-painting.

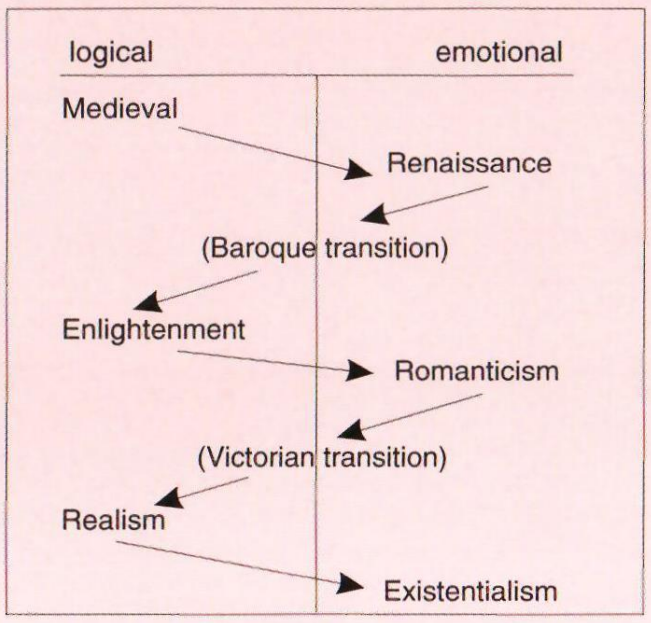
The art of choice

The book version of the Art Follows Nature series still sits at the publishers, waiting for the economy to improve. I recently reread the entire manuscript, and was not satisfied with the abrupt way it ended. I decided another chapter was needed.

Back when I was a student, high school history books ended at 1950. They pretty much still do. That is because most of the committee-types who get chosen to write textbooks managed to live through the entire 1960s with no clue of what was happening. Because they are confused, all they see is confusion.

When discussing nude art, the temptation doubles to ignore recent decades completely. Abstraction dominated twentieth-century art. By mid-century, connoisseurs looked down their noses at any artist still producing anything that could be recognized. Art of the human figure—whether clothed or unclothed—definitely went out of fashion for fifty years or more. There are not a lot of examples to chose from.

Still, the story of our times must be told.



According to the pendulum theory of history, every century or so, the collective mood swings from the logical side of human nature to the emotional side, or back. (Actually, it's a rougher transition getting back to the logical side. The excesses of emotional thinking often deteriorate into a counter-wave of puritanism before dull calm prevails once more.)

We witnessed one of those major shifts in the 1960s. Cold-hearted logic had brought us robber-baron businessmen and the power politics of two world wars. But a new way of thinking grew out of resistance to the Nazis. Wolfgang Borchert in Germany and Jean-Paul Sartre in France insisted that, even amidst horrific odds, we do have choices. Everything we do is a choice. Of course, every choice has consequences, and we need to weigh those consequences in making our decisions. And by the decisions we make—by our very existence—we, ourselves, help to shape the world around us. Sartre called this kind of thinking Existentialism. Nobody has come up with a catchier name for it.

At war's end, several Nazi leaders went on trial. They argued that they were only following orders. The verdict at Nuremberg declared that this excuse is no longer acceptable—that each person must take responsibility for his own actions. In the next few years, everybody paid lip service to Nuremberg. Our parents and teachers drummed into us that we must think for ourselves and make moral decisions. Boy, were they surprised when we did.

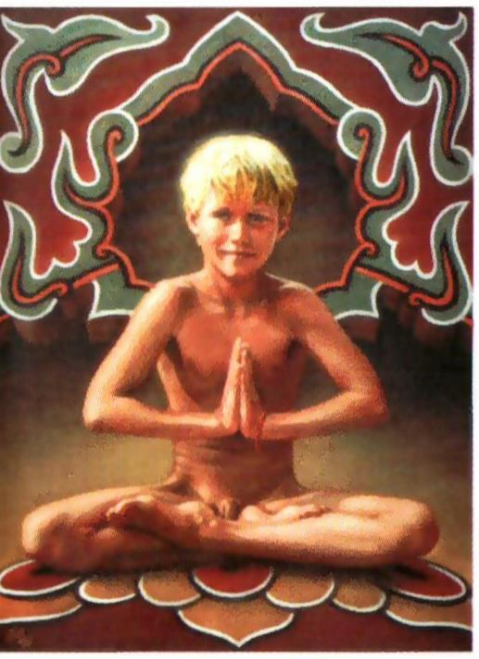
It all began when one obscure woman quietly decided she had suffered enough indignities, and would no longer be sent to the back of the bus. Lots of other people decided the time for respect had indeed come, and they chose to walk rather than ride segregated busses. Martin Luther King—certainly the greatest speaker of our lifetimes—articulated those yearnings, inspiring good people of all races to come together and insist on justice.

Lane, Release—*location unknown.*

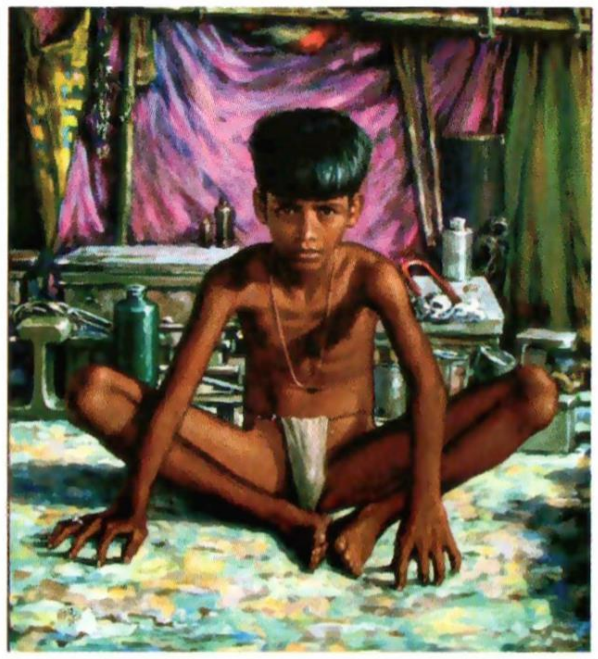
Not much nude art came out of the American Civil Rights Movement. But Canadian sculptress Artis Lane has managed to combine black pride with women's rights. In *Release*, a short-haired black woman begins to stand on her own. In later works, Lane has shown the same woman standing by herself, limited only by a circle—like Leonardo's *Vitruvian Man*—and that circle forms part of the biological symbol for female.

Existentialism really hit the streets in the so-called sixties (the cultural movement that actually began in the mid-1960s and extended into the mid-70s). Not just disaffected minorities, but the very people trained for leadership, began growing beards and letting their crew-cuts grow long. Young men rejected the planned corporate jobs and gray suits, and chose to wear bright colors—maybe even with beads and sandals. Young women burned their bras. They called themselves hippies because, in American slang, they were hip, or aware of the latest happenings. They knew they stood at the beginning of a new way of thinking. "It is the dawning of the Age of Aquarius" began the musical, *Hair*. The title song glorified letting one's hair grow to its natural length, and the play ended with everyone nude on the dimly lit stage.

It was nice for a while. People could recognize kindred spirits at a glance. Then hippie dress became just another

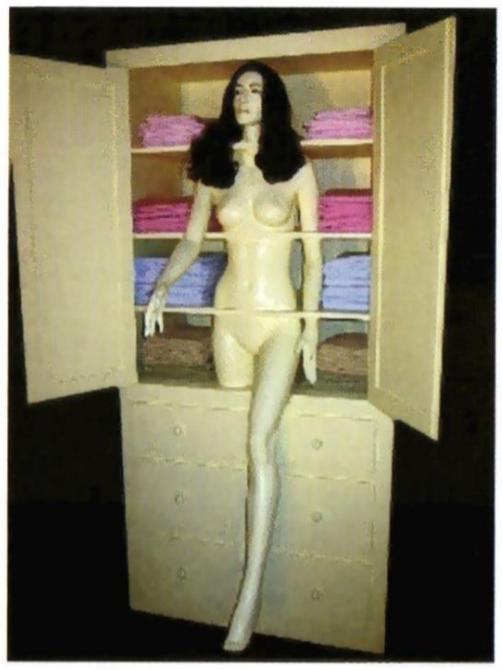


Lohmüller, Om Mani Padme Hum
—private collection.



Lohmüller, Durga
—collection of the artist.

Francken, Siège Homme
—Musée des Arts décoratifs, Paris.



Orgel, Linen Closet*—reconstruction of the disassembled original.*

fashion, and everybody's younger brother and sister followed the trend with no thought at all. Body art had to wait another generation; that was how children of hippies would shock their open-minded parents.

Existential thinking began happening world-wide. Escaping from the narrowness of Western tradition, some people found a wealth of mind-expanding ideas in the religious thought of ancient India. Otto Lohmüller in Germany has produced an interesting pair of paintings. *Om Mani Padme Hum* celebrated the freedom of mind and body that Eastern thought brought to many a trendy home. Then Lohmüller went to India and experienced the real thing. Durga is no hippie kid playing at Indian spirituality, but a hauntingly earnest boy training for the priesthood. His seriousness of purpose extends all the way to his tense fingertips. The gap between the two boys remains large.

Fischl, Untitled nude beach sketch
—Location unknown.

Spontaneous nudity formed a significant part of some hippie communes. Free beaches sprang up. There had always been free beaches in Europe, but the idea of not retreating to some remote wilderness was new to America. (Actually, remote areas were rapidly disappearing, as profiteers bulldozed the landscape.) Lots of conveniently located nude bodies in a variety of poses meant free models for artists to sketch. But free people moving about at will did not lend themselves to formal composition. Artists had to sketch quickly. American Eric Fischl was among the first to do so.

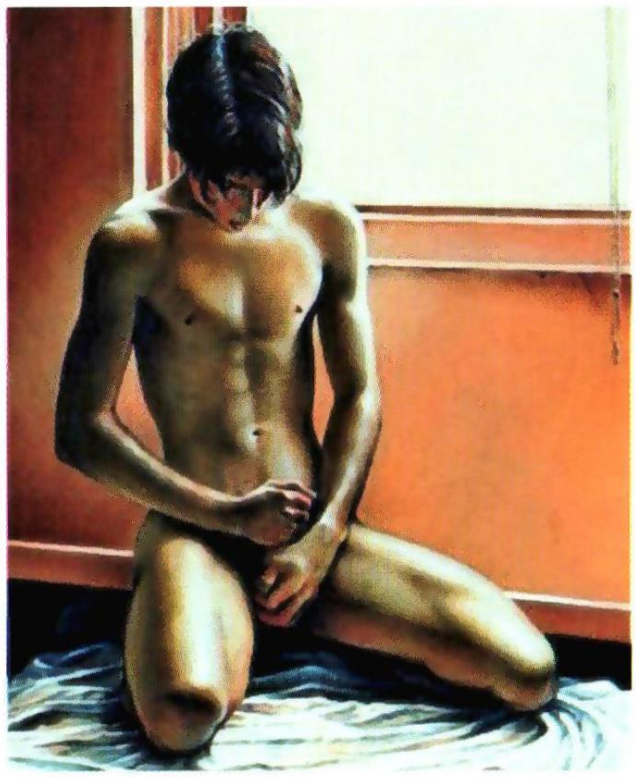
Adult students in Europe and America protested against the humiliating way they were treated like children in colleges. Sometimes, they occupied a building, conducting a sit-in until their demands were met. Later, they protested against broader political issues such as the war in Vietnam. Though of an older generation, Ruth Francken in Germany celebrated the sit-ins by designing a plastic-and-chrome chair humorously called *Siège Homme,* or Sit-in Man. The perfectly functional chairs were available in off-white, black, dark green, or bronze, and sold for thousands of dollars. The students who did the sit-ins could never afford them.

But in all of the freedom movements, women noticed that even their own men expected them to play only a supporting role. And so the Women's Liberation Movement was born. In Hollywood, of all places, a group of women in 1972 decorated a house with feminist symbolism. For her room, Sandy Orgel constructed a sculpture demonstrating that, "This is where women have always been—in between the sheets and on the shelf. It is time now to come out of the closet."

All through the twentieth century, male advertisers had used large-breasted skinny young women wearing very little to sell their junk. But the exaggerated dimensions of those models also made a lot of ordinary women feel inadequate. Body acceptance became part of the women's movement (also the free beach movement). Alice Neel had long been painting unfashionable nudes—usually of famous men, occasionally of a pregnant woman. Now she painted her own aging and overweight self. She portrayed a confident woman comfortable in her own skin.

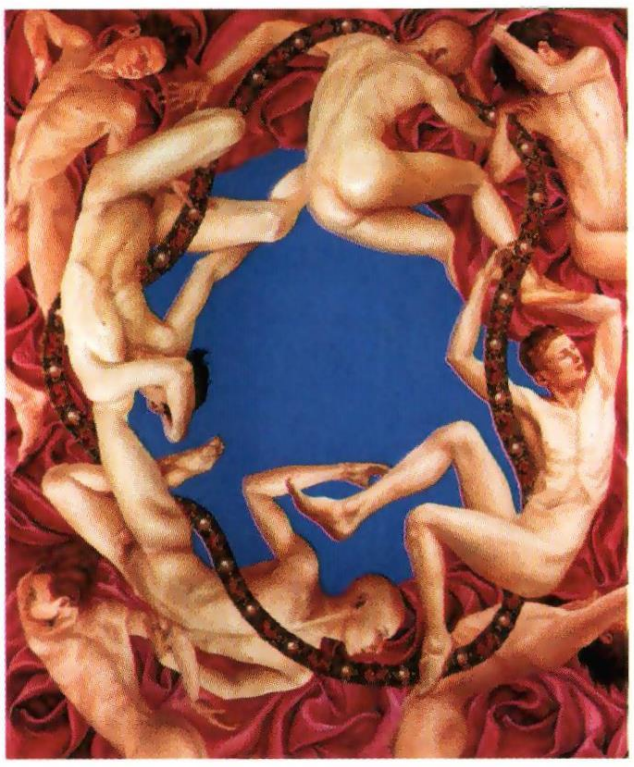
At the same time, Gay and Lesbian artists have broken through lots of old

Neel, Self-Portrait*—National Portrait Gallery, Washington.*



Heerdink, Boy by a Window—*location unknown.*

taboos, to show us unexpected intimacy, celebrations of bold sexuality, and quiet unmentionable moments of masturbation. Dutch painter Maurice Heerdink's *Boy by a Window* shows us a growing adolescent discovering new things his body can do. An almost sacred silence surrounds him. As Blake and Whitman wrote so long ago, everything in life is holy.

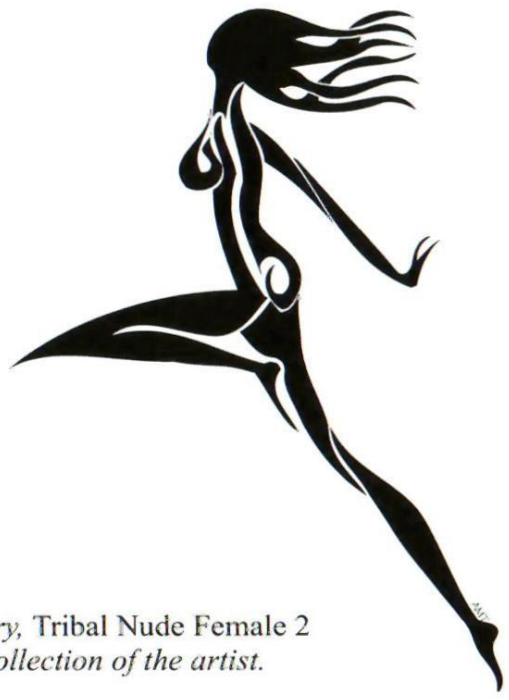


Stradling, Omphalos—*private collection, New York City.*

Some of the most interesting art today is coming from gay men, who have moved beyond politics, beyond lust, to give us new perspective on universal themes. English painter Matthew Stradling named his painting *Omphalos* after the famed "navel of the world" in the temple of Apollo at Delphi. There, nude young men competed in athletics and music. But far more is involved. The artist also works in the tradition of Baroque ceiling paintings that fooled the eye into seeing a dome with an open skylight above it. And he is aware of the Buddhist concept of everyone whirling around the calm center of the wheel of life. We are seeing familiar things in new ways—and that, after all, is one of any artist's most important jobs.

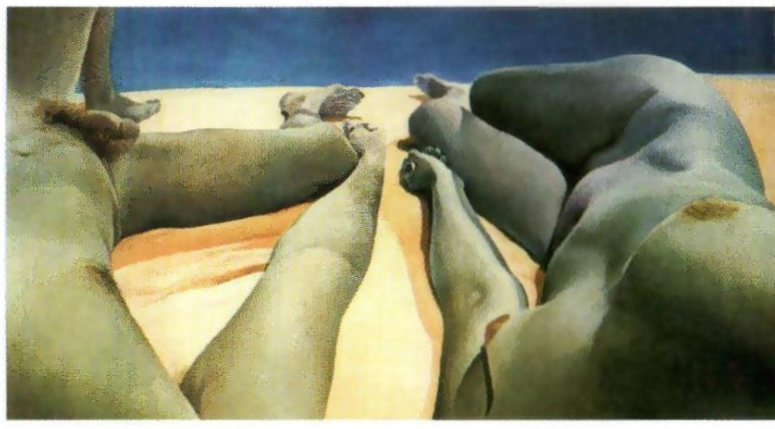
Payce, Morph—*location unknown.*

Other artists are showing us nudes in unexpected new ways. Canadian Greg Payce is a potter who creates profiles of naked men, women, and children out of the negative space between his vases. He compares this negative space to the virtual world of computers: "When eyes are fooled, imaginations are thrown open wide. Realms between the virtual and the real contain unique narrative possibility." He has complicated the relationship even more by painting similar nudes onto some of his more recent vases.



Terry, Tribal Nude Female 2 —*collection of the artist.*

The relationship between artists and machines is changing yet again. Just as nineteenth-century sculptors learned to use copying mechanisms, and painters adjusted their techniques after the discovery of photography, artists of the twenty-first century are using computers to touch up their drawings. Amanda Terry was thinking of tattoos when she designed her first kneeling *Tribal Nude Female*. The second one springs into action. She writes, "I don't plan out how I want the lines to look, I just let my emotions push the pencil.... Then I scan it again and take it through Adobe Illustrator and have the program smooth and sharpen the work up nicely." Other artists are creating completely at their computer screens.



Semmel, Intimacy-Autonomy—*private collection.*

In the realist tradition, Phillip Pearlstein had for decades been painting nudes (mostly female) with their heads chopped off by the frame. Depersonified, the nude bodies became merely objects for cold observation. Reversing that technique, Joan Semmel's *Intimacy-Autonomy* forces us to look at a couple through the woman's eyes, seeing the relationship from her perspective. The couple are comfortable with each other, yet allowing each his or her own space. Subtleties and ambiguities permeate the relationship. For instance, are they relaxing on a sandy beach or in a blue bedroom?

People sure of themselves can live comfortably in a world of ambiguities. They don't need to know the answer to everything. They can stand on their own feet, without the props of conventional ideologies. Even John Steinbeck, that ultimate realist, saw that the nuclear age called for a new type of thinking. In his Nobel Prize acceptance speech, he warned, "Having taken God-like power, we must seek in ourselves for the responsibility and the wisdom we once prayed some deity might have. Man himself has become our greatest hazard and our only hope."

What we make of our world depends on our choices and our actions. We must begin by finding peace and unity within ourselves—with no distinction between mind and body. We have no dirty parts. We are whole. All of life is sacred. Only when we begin to understand the oneness within ourselves can we begin to find peace and unity with the world around us. Our understanding and our choices ripple outward. By our every act and at every moment, we are creating the Existential age.

At Bare Oaks Lodge, guests are greeted by naturally undressed office personnel.

Barely there, at Bare Oaks Lodge

by Sherry Stafford-Loibl

My husband swears our GPS has saved our marriage! True, it has often been a blessing. Without it, each trip by car ended in navigation battle fatigue. Still, as we headed toward Toronto to visit Bare Oaks Lodge, our GPS took us to a place 45 minutes away from our destination, due to address ambiguities in the area. Calling reception at Bare Oaks, we were given the more accurate latitude and longitude coordinates, figured out how to input them into our GPS, and we arrived just in time to enjoy dinner and a soak in the hot tub.

Sherry and Stephane Deschane

Next morning we were able to enjoy a fine breakfast in the dining room, after stretching exercises on the deck overlooking the front lawn. Complete with swings and other climbing child-friendly lawn ornaments, there is a large expanse set with several picnic tables and plenty of space left over for Frisbee and other lawn games. The front office is unique to naturist destinations, as it is one of the few, if not the only, reception area at a naturist resort where guests are greeted by naturally undressed office personnel. The owner, Stephane Deschane, explains, "If you're greeted by a nude person there is little question about what sort of resort you're entering, and it sets a tone for all to feel comfortable undressed."

Stephane took the time to personally show us around the resort, with mobile homes and a lake; the first thing one notices is how well manicured the grounds are. Every space exuded pride and personality. There is an older building at the back of the lake, slated to become a renovated yoga studio/recreation space. The long deck of that building overlooks the lake, where we found people tucked in, enjoying the sun. For those who don't get the personal tour, Bare Oaks placed a computer table with seating in the office, where newcomers take an informative "tour" of the grounds and hear naturist rules about sitting on a towel and asking before photographing other guests. This allows new guests to get familiar with resort amenities and etiquette, before checking into their room. Thus, it is no surprise to hear favorable comments from fellow travelers and those who visit Bare Oaks frequently.

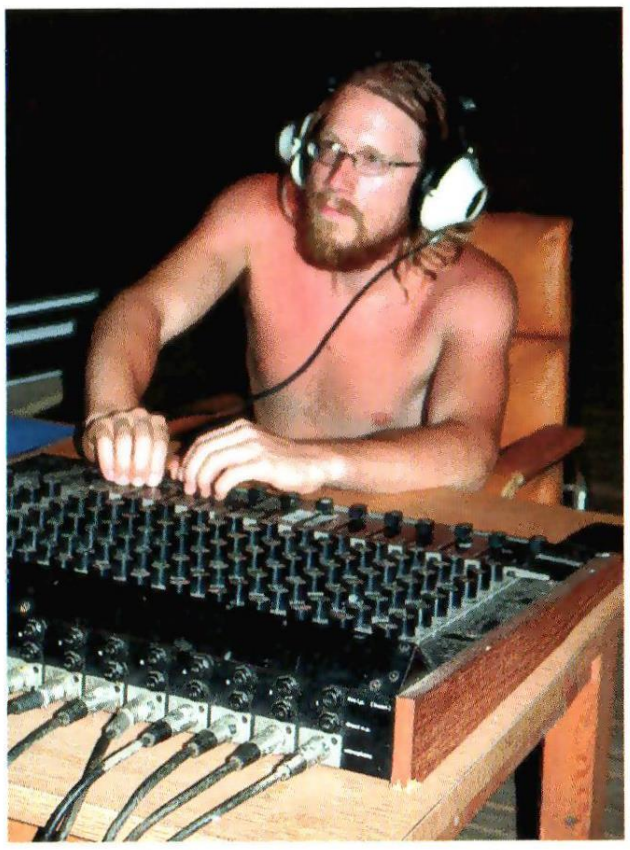
Back at the Lodge building, Bern and I decided to enjoy the pool area, where a few women and a darling little girl were loafing. There was time to reflect on the evening before and note all of the amenities included in the clubhouse building. We seem to have lucked into the only bedroom with a private bathroom. The other rooms share a generous common bathroom area, and there are laundry facilities available to all. At the end of the restaurant hallway a staircase leads down to the spacious community center that includes a flat screen TV viewing area, large selection of games and books on the many shelves, with tables and chairs for gaming or eating. The community kitchen, with microwave, sink, and large fridge, was a great place to store a few things, prepare a snack, or heat up a cool cup of tea. We looked at all the exercise equipment in the exercise area, before lazily circling back.

Does Bare Oaks have pride items? You betcha! We purchased two fine coffee mugs, and managed to lose them before getting home! But there were towels, books, and a bunch of goodies on offer for purchase.

Leadership is key to running a successful naturist resort, and we asked Stephane his secret. Leadership by example, as he works nude and requires the same of his office staff, can easily be deduced, and his passion for naturism. But there is more... Bare Oaks offers a feeling of pride, respect, and naturist ownership, for a day, week, or month. We were only there for one night, but would definitely go back for a more extended visit. With hotel rooms, plenty of RV and camping sites, Toronto and the Canadian side of Niagara Falls for excursions, Stephane invites you to beat the summer heat at friendly Bare Oaks Lodge!

THE GRAND BARN PROJECT

by Sherry Stafford-Loibl



Thaila at the sound controls.

Yes, you can go home again! That's the feeling of anticipation Bern and I experienced as we looked along the road for the signature Grand Barn grain silos, hidden now from the road by the growth of once-young trees since our last visit too many years ago.

On arrival, large hugs from Peter and Souz—owners and parents to the young adults now taking over the management of the facilities—welcomed us back. Much is already run by Thaila, the oldest, who came home after his college degree to work the family business.

On our last visit, we were treated to more shooting stars than we could count! Alas, on this visit, the anticipated meteor showers' sky dance was masked by clouds; but, the time slipped quickly by as we chatted with our dear friends, and settled in for our visit. The campers available to guests have toilet facilities, and there's a hot shower nearby. The pool and hot tub were enjoyed by many, but that is only the beginning! Thaila takes great pride in offering guided nature walks — naked, of course — through the huge property, and pointing out the lilies his dad transplanted at their man-made pond (a.k.a., Desire Lake), as well as Thaila's Tree. There were berries, in season, apple trees, corn stalks in which to hide, and wild herbs to spot and pick.

Much of the summer food is grown onsite in a well-tended garden, where Peter allowed me to spend a relaxing hour pulling weeds, which did wonders for my tan, although my fingernails suffered some! There is a store nearby, and each rental trailer has a kitchen, plus frequently offered is a barbeque or other community meal to keep you from leaving this peaceful spot in the cool corn fields.

Oh, but there is more! Thaila and his father share a love of rock 'n' roll music, and the acoustics of the actual barn are fabulous. The stage is large, and there are plenty of outlets for all those electronic gadgets... let the music roll! Overstuffed comfy chairs and couches face the stage, so listeners feel right at home, and there's still plenty of room for dancing. Thaila's friends arrived as musicians, left as nudist musicians, and provided fine music for all.

Now, I've read some things on the internet that are less than flattering about The Grand Barn, all written by people who have never visited. Peter and Souz founded the business and ran it for years, with open hearts and open minds. They have opened their place first and foremost to free thinkers, and welcomed groups of all kind, even Wiccan celebrations. They celebrate the stars and their cosmos, and are very loving, naturist people. Some have said they harbor swingers; we've never seen one, as they are more commonly found at the larger, more posh, Florida resorts. Though, I doubt the Ridens would care about what people do behind closed doors, as long as they are respectful of all guests. They have the same basic etiquette as other naturist resorts — take no pictures without asking first, sit on a towel, be respectful... easy.

Nothing thrills senior naturists more than watching the younger set come on board, and you'll definitely see that at The Grand Barn. When we first visited, several of the girls were still living at home, and helped run the food trailer, serving breakfasts, lunches, and dinners. Now the girls are at college and, like Thaila, may return to help with the family business. Mom and Dad still oversee everything, and spend much of their free time with guests and friends in enthusiastic conversations about everything. We love this unconventional family and its guests. They make you feel that you've just been adopted and dad (Peter Riden) is always quick to share his wisdom with you. The Grand Barn is a very different and fun summer visit — for young or old — because of how this charming family takes care of you during your stay. It's a little bit like you're in another world, experiencing a surrealistic fantasy.

Visiting the first two weeks in August may entitle you to the annual shooting-star extravaganza. Just look up, as most do, snuggled in a comfy sleeping bag (which your host can supply for you). Lying on the large trampoline under the stars, you feel totally connected to the universe!

Expect more young people and musicians at the Grand Barn.

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Stranger on the shore

Short story and photo by Ken Schwartz

I awoke and immediately became aware that my make-shift raft had come to rest. My ordeal at sea following the shipwreck had come to an end. I propped myself up on my elbows and, through bleary eyes, was both surprised and pleased to find that I was surrounded by some five pairs of bare, hairy legs. I soon determined that my raft had settled on a beach and that I was in the company of a group of naked men whom I assumed had chanced upon me while out for a morning swim.

At first it sounded to me that the men were conversing in a foreign tongue, but I shortly realized that they were speaking English, albeit with an accent that was unfamiliar to me. Listening as intently as my woozy head would allow, I understood that, after giving me some juices and fruits, the men would take me to the royal residence to meet their king.

I did not feel that I was in a proper condition to meet a king. My hat, coat, shoes, and stockings were long lost, and I surely was unbecoming in my bedraggled shirt and breeches. Nonetheless, after giving me some refreshments, the men laid me down on a bed of hay in a horse-drawn wagon and carted me off to meet their king. I gathered that the men deemed their discovery to be momentous, for they did not bother to dress themselves before driving away with their find.

Not 15 minutes later, I was sitting alone on a simple chair in a relatively small, modestly furnished room. I was gathering my thoughts, pondering where in the world I might be, when a door opened, and a man entered the room and introduced himself as Herbert, King of Maharba. I was flabbergasted. He was a short, stout, bald man with a cherubic face. He also was utterly naked. As best as I could, I concealed my surprise at his appearance. I did not want to offend or agitate a king who might be, at best, eccentric or, at worst, mad.

The king seated himself beside me, also on a simple chair, and, after I had assured him that I was in no immediate need of further refreshments, he commenced conversing with me. I quickly became accustomed to his accent and had no difficulty communicating with him. As we spoke at length, almost entirely on the topics of my homeland and travels, I gradually developed the opinion that I was in the presence of a remarkable man. In addition to being unpretentious, charming, and solicitous, King Herbert was inquisitive, perceptive, understanding, and wise. In brief, he exhibited all the qualities one might want to find in a king. I wondered, but did not presume to ask, why this king did not take advantage of the common practice of wearing purple robes with gold trim and allowing the populace to assume that he possessed regal qualities.

After a couple of hours of conversation, King Herbert noted that I appeared weary and escorted me to accommodations set aside for guests. He invited me to make myself comfortable and to rest until mid-afternoon, at which time his daughter, Princess Danica, would come to me and take me on a tour of Maharba's center city.

I opened my door and was dumbfounded to be confronted by a princess unlike any other I had ever before seen or imagined.

I found my room decidedly agreeable, particularly as compared with my late shipboard accommodations, and I soon fell into a much welcomed sleep.

* * *

Roused by a gentle tapping, I opened my door and was dumbfounded to be confronted by a princess unlike any other I had ever before seen or imagined. The king's eccentricity or madness apparently extended to his family, for the princess stood utterly nude. I momentarily resisted an impulse to survey her, but I yielded to my urge when I noticed that she was curiously eyeing me. My breeches seemed to be of particular interest. And it was well that I was wearing them, else an unvirtuous reaction to the scene before me would have been betrayed.

The princess was beautiful. The fact that I had just passed some months without having seen any female at all did not affect my assessment. A girl of about 20, not 10 years younger than I, the princess had a most pleasing face, appealing brown eyes, and wavy auburn hair that fell over her shoulders. She had long limbs and creamy skin. She carried flowers, and she wore one bloom in her hair above an ear. She had an ingenuous, genial mien. And when she extended a hand and said, "I am Danica, but everyone calls me Danny," she displayed a broad, engaging smile. I quickly determined that my comportment would best be served by my not often looking at the princess during my tour.

Danny and I walked to the center city. En route, the princess told me some things about Maharba. She said that the island was about 25 miles long and 20 miles wide and had been settled 200 years earlier. She also said that the island seldom had visitors and was self-sustaining. She told me that the inhabitants primarily engaged in fishing, growing fruits and vegetables, raising sheep and goats, and working in trades supporting those activities. She also told me that, as I would soon find, the center city was a grid of eight streets lined with shops and public houses made of wood, clay bricks, and thatch.

In a short time, the princess and I arrived at the center city, and I discovered something noteworthy about Maharba that she had neglected to mention. Going nude was not a practice exclusive to the island's royal family. Not one of the many people I saw walking, shopping, or working in the city was clothed. But for an occasional hat, pair of shoes, or purse attached to a strap slung over a shoulder or cinched around a waist, every man, woman, and child of every age was as naked as on the day he or she was born. And as surprised as I was at their appearance, they were equally surprised at mine. Many people stopped and stared, and whenever the princess introduced me to someone, my new acquaintance could not conceal being nonplussed.

As I was unaccustomed to walking about barefoot and obviously was uncomfortable doing so, Danny took me to a leather goods shop, acquired for me a reasonably comfortable pair of shoes, and arranged for the bill to be sent to her father. Then she took me to a pub where we sat and sipped fruit juices on a patio, under palm trees, overlooking the ocean. It was there and then that I broached the subject that had been on my mind for quite some time.

"Danny," I asked, "why does everyone in Maharba go nude?"

"I am sorry," the princess answered. "I do not know this word, 'nude.'"

"Why is everyone naked?" I asked.

Danny shook her head. "I am sorry. I do not know this word, 'naked.'"

"Unclothed? Undressed?" I offered.

With an expression that told me she

regretted disappointing me, Danny replied, "I am sorry. I do not know these words, either."

It was then that I remembered something I had learned during my travels. In places where the inhabitants had never seen nor heard of a camel or an elephant, they had no words for such beasts. It must have been the case in Maharba, then, that everyone was so unfamiliar with the concept of wearing clothing that there were no words in the language either for the unknown state of being dressed or for the converse state of being undressed. If such words had been a part of the vernacular of the island's original settlers, the words had disappeared due to disuse.

"Why do the people not cover their bodies?" I asked, tugging at one of my sleeves.

Comprehension illuminated the princess's face. "We do not need body coverings," she answered. "The weather is warm. We do not get cold."

"What about propriety and modesty?" I inquired.

Danny looked disconcerted again. "I am sorry. I do not know these words," she replied.

I then decided not to pursue this matter until, perhaps, at some later time.

As evening approached, the princess escorted me back to my room in the royal residence. There she informed me that materials had been left in my room for me to use for reading and writing, should I care to do so. She also told me that if I cared to leave my body coverings and shoes outside my door, someone would clean them and return them to the door for me to find in the morning. Then she wished me a pleasant evening and left.

* * *

For the next 5 days, I explored Maharba, this curious place lying in the Pacific Ocean somewhere between the Equator and the Tropic of Capricorn. I traveled by foot and on horseback, alone in the mornings and with Princess Danica in the early evenings after she had completed her daily chores and studies.

It took me little time to discover that the Maharbans were industrious, skilled, and surprisingly educated.

One morning, I stopped by a schoolhouse and looked through several textbooks. As I perused these books, I realized that the Maharbans studied language, mathematics, sciences, and crafts in very much the same way as I had done with my schoolmates not many years earlier. When I had returned the books to their places, I paused and considered, without determining, what advantage there might be in studying while wearing a school uniform as compared with studying while nude.

Though hard-working people, the Maharbans seemed to be decidedly comfortable and content. However, I also observed that many of them were circumspect, an attribute that the princess found unusual and inexplicable. There was no need for the people to be wary, she told me, as crime was practically nonexistent. A small force of peacekeepers, men wearing red hats and black boots, had little more to do than to stop an occasional fight. Maharbans rarely took anything that did not belong to them. One explanation for this immediately occurred to me – nude people have limited means for hiding anything. It also occurred to me that pickpocketing, a scourge in my country, necessarily had to be unknown in Maharba.

On most afternoons, I took a meal with King Herbert, discussed my morning explorations, and regaled the king with tales of my foreign travels. The king was enthralled with details of life in other lands. He was particularly intrigued by my descriptions of the various body coverings that people used. It appeared, however, that I never was able to explain to the king's satisfaction the reason why the inhabitants of every land I had visited deemed it necessary to cover themselves, even in the privacy of their own dwellings. My references to propriety did not suffice, for, as the king reminded me, Maharbans believed that their practice of leaving their bodies uncovered was entirely proper.

She was not only beautiful, she was also bright, warm, and caring.

While I very much appreciated my interviews with the king, the pleasure I took in them paled in comparison with my increasing delight in spending time with Danny. It had taken little time for me to discover that her loveliness was more than physical. She was not only beautiful, she was also bright, warm, and caring. I felt more than comfortable in her presence. Indeed, I all but forgot that she never wore a stitch of clothing.

As my affection for Danny grew, I could not help wondering whether she was developing any special feelings for me. It could have been the case that she was treating me with the same kindly attention that she accorded every visitor or even every Maharban. My uncertainty was wiped away on the evening of the fifth day of my stay. As Danny said "sleep well" at my door, she slid her arms around my neck and tenderly kissed my lips before disappearing down the hallway.

* * *

Early the next morning, I was summoned by King Herbert. As I seated myself across from him, I was concerned that he was going to upbraid me for failing to comport myself in a gentlemanly manner while in the company of his daughter. I was shocked when, instead, he told me that I would have to leave Maharba as soon as possible.

"But," I protested, "my conduct with Princess Danica has been entirely honorable."

"I do not know or speak of your conduct with my daughter," said the king. "I have received many complaints about you from the people of Maharba."

I was astonished. I could think of nothing I had done that could have been the subject of a complaint, and I told the king so. I had treated everyone with respect, I had avoided interfering with anyone's activities, I was courteous whenever anyone had addressed me, and, as far as I knew, I had complied with all laws.

The king replied that he did not doubt these things but that they were irrelevant. Many citizens were being disturbed by my mere presence. I not only was a stranger, I was one who was failing to conform to accepted norms of behavior. Specifically, I was keeping my body covered. According to the king, it made no difference to him that I chose to do so, but it apparently was a matter of concern for many Maharbans. I was an outsider, a nonconformist, a subject of suspicion.

I considered offering to adjust my view of propriety and henceforth to walk about naked with the rest of the populace, but it was apparent that the opportune time for removing my clothing had long passed.

As I sat dumbfounded, the king informed me that a small sailing vessel had been prepared for me. I would have a sextant, a telescope, rudimentary charts, and ample provisions. The king expressed his confidence that I would be able to navigate to the land of Australia with little or no trouble.

Within the hour, I was aboard my sailing vessel and casting off. Danny stood on the dock and waved good-bye as tears dripped from her eyes. I would never again see her or her strange land.

History of naturism in Croatia and today

Courtesy: Croatia Naturally, Guide to Naturism in Croatia. For more information on Croatia Naturism, visit: cronatur.com

The history of organized naturist vacations in Croatia goes back to the 1930s. The island of Rab is rightly referred to as the pioneer of naturism on the Adriatic. The month of August 1936 is frequently mentioned as the official beginning of naturism in Rab (i.e., when the English king Edward VIII stayed there and the Rab authorities allowed him and his wife to take a nude swim in the bay of Kandarola). That's why this bay is nowadays sometimes called "English Beach" or "Engleska plaza."

However, it is certain that naturism on the island started long before then. The article "Trade in nakedness," published in the Austrian economic journal "Trend" No. 11/83, reports that the naturist beach in Rab was officially opened as early as the transition to this century and that 50 beds in the hotels were reserved for naturists. The same article mentions that the first naturist beach in Rab was opened personally by Richard Ehrman, the president of the International Naturist Federation from Vienna in 1934. Naturism in Rab is also mentioned in the article of the Czech Josef Herman, in 1907 and of professor Günther in 1912, which proves that the Rab people had understood long ago the bright prospects of this movement which, at that time, was a very bold attitude.

Croatia was the first country in Europe to start with the concept of commercial naturist resorts, when in other European countries naturism was limited to member clubs only. Real naturist expansion started in the 1960s when the first naturist camps were opened in Istra and Dalmatia. In those days more than 100,000 naturists spent their vacation in Croatia each year. The oldest naturist resort in Croatia is Koversada and in 2001 celebrated its 40th anniversary. Koversada is in fact a small islet and today it is connected by a small bridge with the mainland. The story says that famous adventurer Giacomo Casanova was the first one who took a nude swim in Koversada. But it was Rudolf Halbig from Germany, owner of Miramare travel agency, who, 200 years later — in 1953 — recognized Koversada as a perfect naturist destination. At the beginning

The village of Vrsar

naturists put up in the village of Vrsar and went to Koversada islet for swimming and sunbathing. In 1961 Koversada became officially opened for naturist tourists. As Koversada was becoming more popular, the islet became too small and in 1965 the resort spread out to the nearby shore. In 1972 Koversada hosted the Naturist World Congress, and in the course of years, Koversada grew to a modern complex and one of the largest and most popular naturist resorts in Europe. Soon after Koversada, other resorts opened their doors to naturists as well: Valalta naturist resort opened in 1968; Monsena in 1988 hosted Naturist World Congress; Solaris, and many others.

Today Croatia is offering a wide range of naturist facilities — beaches, camping, hotels, apartment and bungalow villages. There are more than 20 official naturist resorts that spread on 8,220,000 sq. meters. Naturist resorts

PHOTO—ISTVAN NOVAK

Koversada naturist resort, Vrsar

offer 46,100 camping units, 5,300 beds in apartments, bungalows or hotels. In addition to that, official naturist beaches (outside of naturist resorts) offer a place under the sun for 20,000 sunbathers. In addition to official naturist resorts and beaches, there are also many so called free beaches. Those are unofficial naturist beaches, sometimes controlled and maintained by local tourist authorities and sometimes not, that can be found everywhere on the coast.

Naturist beaches in Croatia are marked as "FKK." This is abbreviation for German word "Freikörperkultur" (Free Body Culture). The FKK sign is ubiquitous all along the Croatian coast.

Naturism represents an important factor in Croatian tourism industry. To estimate how many percent of all tourists are naturists is not an easy task, because many stay in textile resorts and visit naturist beaches or resorts just for swimming and sunbathing. Some estimates say about 15% of all tourists in Croatia are naturists or nudists. That means more than 1,000,000 naturists visit Croatia each year. Most of them come from Germany, then Austria, The Netherlands, Italy, Slovenia, Czech Republic, Hungary, etc. Considering the country's liberal tradition toward naturism and a large number of naturist resorts and beaches, Croats are surprisingly still a bit shy when it comes to naturism and make up less than 5% of all guests in naturist resorts. Compared to the situation in the 1980s, the number of organized naturists in Croatia has significantly decreased in the last decade. Many agree the reason is the stronger influence of the Catholic Church in society.

Today many Croats prefer unofficial or secluded beaches to throw away their clothes. But still, naturism is strongly supported by the Croatian government. Take a look what the official Croatian tourism site says about it. Naturism is even mentioned on tourism sites of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

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NUDE RAFTING IN THE GRAND CANYON

article and photos by Beverly B. Price

A lot of folks think of the Grand Canyon as just one long stretch of water running between steep side walls. Actually, nothing could be further from the truth, and the passengers on the 2011 Nude Raft Trip on the Colorado River discovered that for themselves. There are side canyons that hide tributaries to the Colorado River that are larger than most other canyons in the world, and we naturists were out to enjoy just as much of these bits of paradise as we could!

The first major side canyon held a surprise for everyone—not only was the water much warmer than the Colorado River, but it was a gorgeous shade of turquoise! The better part of the morning was spent there wading, hiking, exploring, and butt surfing. In order to butt surf, one wears the PFD (also known as a lifejacket) upside down like a bulky diaper. This keeps the owner's real butt from becoming a target of the rocks over which the Little Colorado River tumbles on its way to the confluence with its big brother. This is the only place on the trip where the passengers were asked to cover up—and only for about a half hour while the textile party took a look and decided it was not for them. The naturists were only too glad to have the river back to their dress code! Even after four hours, the call to wander back to the rafts for lunch came too soon. The passengers were certain that the best was to be left behind. But the trip only got better. Every time that these new friends thought they had seen the ultimate, they were proved wrong.

Another major side canyon looked impenetrable. The rafts pulled up and tied to a wall of shiny, black, polished schist (a major type of metamorphic rock in the Grand Canyon). It was, however, much easier to climb than it looked and led to another amazing discovery. Clear Creek Falls is not one, but two, waterfalls—one vertical and one horizontal! Again, Clear Creek was warm and inviting and the falls became the perfect backdrop for multiple photos by the camera buffs who were aboard for this adventure.

Naturists share nature easily. Animals seem not to be startled by humans wearing no clothing. The passengers observed ravens, condors, vultures, canyon wrens, and many other birds, but perhaps the most fun was multiple sightings of bighorn sheep. Small fish and tadpoles swam around ankles in the shallow water of every side stream.

On the fourth day the rafts approached Phantom Ranch and Bright Angel Creek, the destination of the fabled Grand Canyon mule trains. It is a busy crossroads where nudity was not an option. Many of our fellow travelers, whether hiking or on mules, were fascinated by the fact that our trip was almost entirely nude. It appeared as if many of them were a bit envious of the freedom.

From Phantom Ranch the rafts entered the Inner Gorge, a place that reeks with antiquity. With no time for contemplation, the passengers were smacked by one huge rapid after another. No opportunity was available to tie up the rafts and hike into creeks after which the rapids were named: Hance, Sockdolager, Grapevine, Horn Creek and Granite. Crystal is one of the most difficult rapids on the river, formed when Crystal Creek flash flooded, driving boulders the size of automobiles into the main river. Safely through it, the cry is "ABC—Alive Below Crystal!"

Stone Creek Falls is a wonderfully short hike from the campground at Dubendorf Rapid, where the rafts were beached for the night. It is a real Garden of Eden and cer-

tainly seems more like one with nude bodies enjoying the water, the rocks to climb, even the opportunity to take a shower—a luxury enjoyed by more than one passenger. Of course, in deference to the environment, no soap or shampoo was permitted. But the softly falling warm water was still a welcomed treat.

Deer Creek is an amazing stop. Its canyon contains a major trail from the North Rim, but anyone who has hiked that far to reach the falls is not apt to object to the naturists enjoying both the upper and the lower falls. Above both is an area known as The Patio. Replete with watercress growing in still pools, this area is a favorite of both the boatmen and the passengers. It is very easy to spend half a day just hanging out in the cool air and warm water. Lower Deer Creek Falls is over 100 feet high and getting above it presents a challenge, but most of the passengers felt the reward was worth the climb.

One of the last of the major side canyons was the famous Havasu Creek. Once again, the water is a turquoise blue because of the travertine silt that is deposited on everything. As one wades through the creek, the silt kicks up in little white puffs, only to be deposited on another rock downstream. About seven miles upstream lies the little village of Supai where hikers from the South Rim are housed overnight to enjoy both Havasu Falls and Mooney Falls. No one from the group of rafters hiked that far upstream. It was plenty to enjoy the blue pools just above the confluence of the creek with the Colorado River.

The group of naturists managed to eke out one more hike on fairly level ground—a hike up National Canyon to several exquisite pools of water, big enough for a swim, but small enough to require friendly cooperation. It was in National Canyon that the travelers mingled freely with a textile group who had no fear of the unclothed among them. The motto seemed to be, "I won't make you put your clothes on if you don't make me take mine off." Deal!

Ah, there is so much more to tell. Words are merely inadequate to describe the sensations, the sights and the sounds. For many this is a once-in-a-lifetime experience. For others, the lure of the Canyon and her many side canyons are irresistible and once just isn't enough. You may still have an opportunity to share this experience, as other trips are planned. For information, write bbprice@aol.com and please, put Grand Canyon Raft Trip in the subject line.

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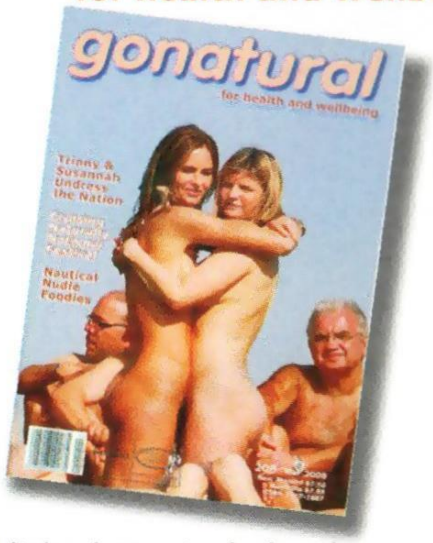

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NOTABLE EVENTS

PUBLISHED IN SPRING AND SUMMER ISSUES

March 3 - 4
AANR-WEST
SPRING BOARD MEETING
DeAnza Springs Resort
1951 Carrizo Gorge Rd
Jacumba, CA 91934
Phone 619-766-4301

March 31 - April 1
AANR-NORTHWEST
SPRING BOARD MEETING
Mountaindale Sun Resort
P. O. Box 248, North Plains, Oregon 97133
Phone: 503-647-2449

APRIL 21
RUNNING BARE 5K RUN & WALK
(Clothing Optional — Must be 18+)
Cedar Creek Park
PO Box 336, Pelion, SC 29123
Phone: 803-894-5159

APRIL 21
FIG LEAF 5K RUN/WALK
Paradise Valley Resort
49 Valley Dr, Dawsonville, GA 30534
Phone: 706-265-6110
5K (Paved road.)

April 28
15th ANNUAL SKINNYDIPPER
5K SUN RUN
Wildwood Naturist's Resort
241 Private Road 1179, Decatur, TX 76234
Phone: 940-627-2280

April 28
HIDDEN RIVER 5K TRAIL STREAK
Hidden River Resort, St. George, Georgia
5K Run & 1-Mile Guided Trail Walk
Reynolds Bridge Rd, St George, GA 31562
Phone: 912-843-2603 (Billie Hatten)

May 20
BARE TO BREAKERS,
SAN FRANCISCO
Official BARE-2-BREAKERS™ web page:
www.baretobreakers.com

May 20
STREAK THE COVE 5K
Cypress Cove Resort
4425 Pleasant Hill Road
Kissimmee, FL 34746
Phone: 727-643-9597

June 8 - 10
AANR-WEST SUMMER FESTIVAL
Glen Eden Sun Club
25999 Glen Eden Rd, Corona, CA 92883
Phone: 951-277-4650

June 9
AVALON - BLUES, BIKES & BBQ
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RR1 Box 315
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the Avalon Mountain Stage

June 9
WHITETAILS 5K RUN & WALK
White Tail Resort
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June 11 - 17
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Camp Westmont, PA
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June 17 - 24
AANR-SOUTHWEST CONVENTION
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July 7
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July 7 - 15
NATURIST YOUTH CAMP
Sunsport Gardens
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July 9 - 15
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- Resorts/Clubs host an open house and invite the community to see what you're all about.
- Work on your all over tan.

July 12 - 14
AANR-EAST CONVENTION
Solair Recreation League
65 Ide Perrin Road, Woodstock, CT 06281
Phone: 860-928-9174

July 21
ROCK ON THE LAWN
Avalon Resort
RR1 Box 315
Paw Paw, WV 25434
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July 21 - 22
AANR-NORTHWEST CONVENTION
The Willamettans
P.O. Box 969, Marcola, OR 97454
Phone: 541-933-2809

July 22 - 29
AANR-MIDWEST CONVENTION
Turtle Lake Resort
2101 9 Mile Road,
Union City, Michigan 49094
Phone: 866-321-4710

July 26 - 29
AANR-WEST CONVENTION
8683 Rawhide Lane - Box 1
Wilton, California 95693
Phone: 916-687-6550

July 31 - August 5
NORTHEAST FESTIVAL
Empire Haven
5947 Sun Lane
Moravia, New York 13118
Phone: 315-497-0135

August 1 - 5
CANADIAN NATURIST FESTIVAL
La Pommerie
2914 Route 209
Saint-Antoine-Abbé
Québec J0S 1N0
Phone: 450-826-4723

August 2 - 5
WESTERN GATHERING
Sun Meadow Resort
30400 S. Sunray Trail
Worley, Idaho 83876
Phone: 208-686-8686

August 3 - 5
AANR-WESTERN CANADA
CONVENTION
Location to be determined

August 4
SUNBARE WHISPERS
5K RUN & WALK
Whispering Pines Nudist Resort & Campground
1114 Sun St NW
Ocean Isle Beach, NC 28469
Phone: 910-287-6404
5K Dirt road and trail

August 6 - 13
AANR CONVENTION
Lake Como, Land O'Lakes, Florida

August 10-12
AVALONFEST
Music Festival
Avalon Resort
RR1 Box 315
Paw Paw, WV 25434
Phone: 304-947-5600

August 17 - 19
LEE BAXANDALL MEMORIAL
VOLLEYBALL TOURNAMENT
Bare Oaks Family Naturist Park,
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27-Sept 4
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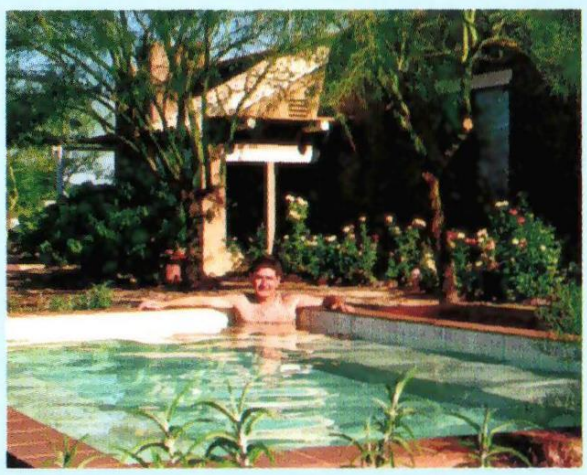

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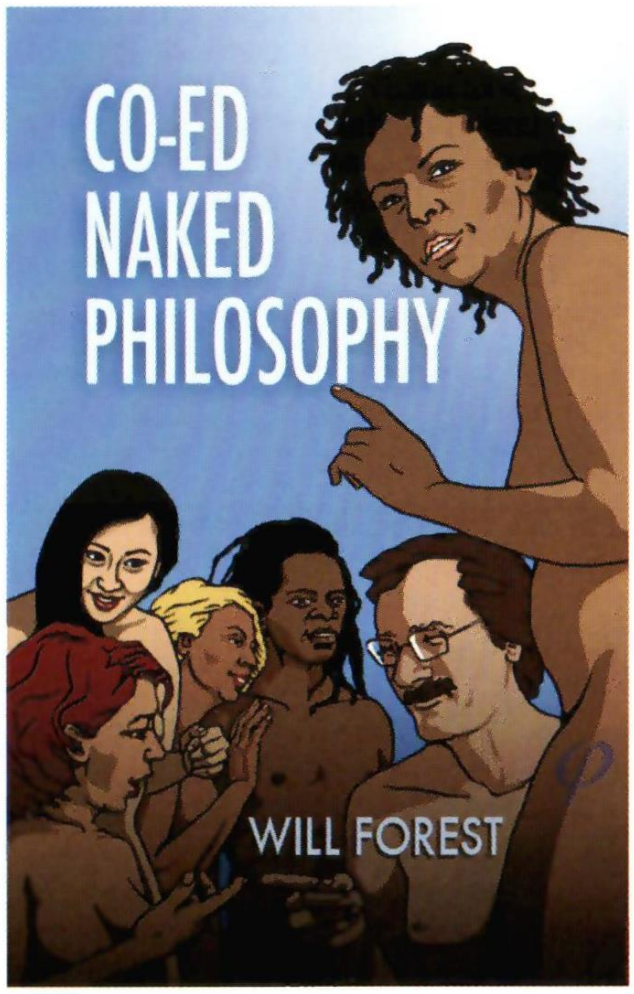


Book Review

by Paul LeValley

Will Forest. Co-ed Naked Philosophy. Lexington: no publisher listed. 2011. 322 p. paperback. $14.99.

This book is a philosophy of nakedness, dressed up as a novel. All of the naturist talking points are here. The author believes in free beaches and a free-body culture, but doesn't think much of resorts where you have to pay to get in. He offers a bold experiment.

The hero, Christopher Ross, teaches at a public university in Alabama—in a philosophy department that is in danger of going under for lack of enough students. When he discovers a clothing-optional beach, he embarks with the enthusiasm of a newbie to convert everybody. He offers a course on philosophy of the body—then startles everyone by walking into class naked. After a few students leave to complain, he invites the others to strip down also. Word spreads around campus, and they have to move the class to a bigger room to accommodate all the new enrollees. Administrators all the way up the bureaucracy wince, but recognize that this outrageous professor just might be able to save the department. And so the experiment is allowed to continue.

Christopher meets a female nudist teaching in the education department, and a love subplot develops. Most of the characters remain one-dimensional. However, the author uses an interesting technique. We meet new characters, but only several pages, or perhaps several chapters later, does he happen to mention that the person is black, Mexican, or Chinese. That's nice—a people-first approach that moves beyond superficial judgments of skin color, even when all the skin is showing. It's naturism at its best.

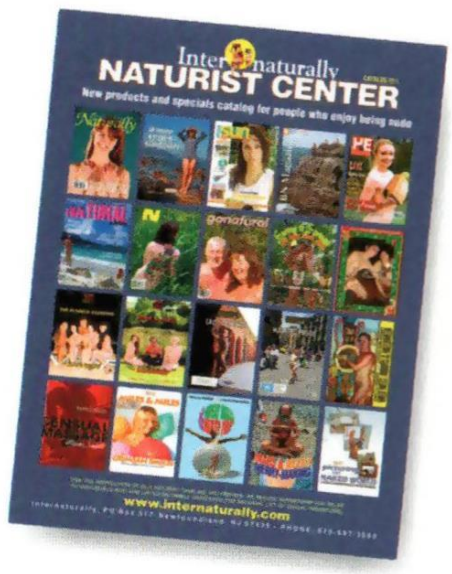
Yet I must admit that the author lost me back on page 33. I cannot imagine any circumstances under which a male professor, in a face-to-face serious discussion with his female department head, would bring up the subject of her breasts. I still can't get my head around that idea.

The author proceeds on the supposition that, except for a few religious nuts, everybody in society secretly longs to throw off his or her clothes, and is only waiting for someone to legitimize it. Public opinion polls show that about 25% of Americans admit to skinny-dipping once in their lives. Real politicians find it hard to believe that the number could be higher than 1%. Yet the author's world is equally unrealistic. I have twice faced down campus policemen who objected to very discreet nudity on bulletin boards at naturist recruiting tables. Where are the campus police in the story when students break into a large classroom building and spend several days painting a nude mural on its walls? Where are all the politicians when there are headlines to be grabbed? What state legislature does not try to meddle in its public universities? And since the class is offered during the winter semester, where in Alabama does the weather never get too cold for outdoor nudity?

This is, of course, fiction. I do not expect to see many clothing-optional classes at public universities in my lifetime. Nor do I expect the movement to begin in Alabama.

Still, naturists will love this book because it reinforces many convictions dear to their hearts. It is not likely to convince many of the unconverted. So, buy it and enjoy. It should become a cult classic. I can hardly wait for the movie version.

Paul LeValley coordinates the Professors and Researchers Special Interest Group of The Naturist Society.



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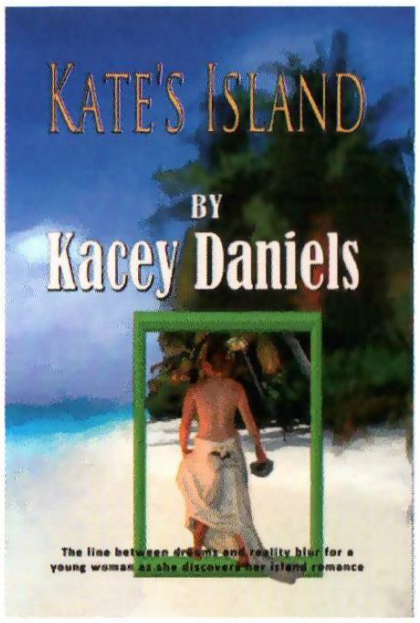
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BY
Kacey Daniels
The line between dreams and reality blur for a young woman as she discovers her island romance

Kate's Island by Kacey Daniels

Looking for a nice, easy, clothes-free read to take on vacation? *Kate's Island* is just the book. It is interesting enough to keep you coming back to finish, yet not demanding. The story is set in Ireland and England, in present day. The characters are warm, and deal with the issue of telling others about being clothes-free. Some foreign slang is used, which is easily understood in context. For those wanting a clearer picture, there is a glossary in the rear of the book, defining the unfamiliar words. *Kate's Island* is a delightful way to suspend reality for an hour or three, and sure to put a smile on your face as you read the ending.

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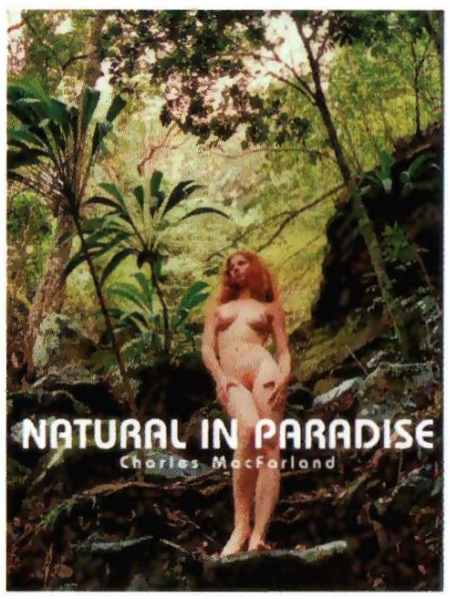

Natural in Paradise
by Charles MacFarland

Syntech video fans will delight in Charles MacFarland's first book of magnificent nudes in public. Hasn't everyone dreamed of being able to move about outdoors as nude and as free as we were in the Garden of Eden? Young people in Byron Bay, Australia, have made this dream come true and have integrated it into their lifestyle. In this book, you'll experience pretty nudists who enjoy their nakedness, go for nude hikes in the jungle, perform yoga exercises in the nude on the beach, or celebrate life in unspoiled natural surroundings.

PE29H Hardcover $75.00 Now Only $35.00
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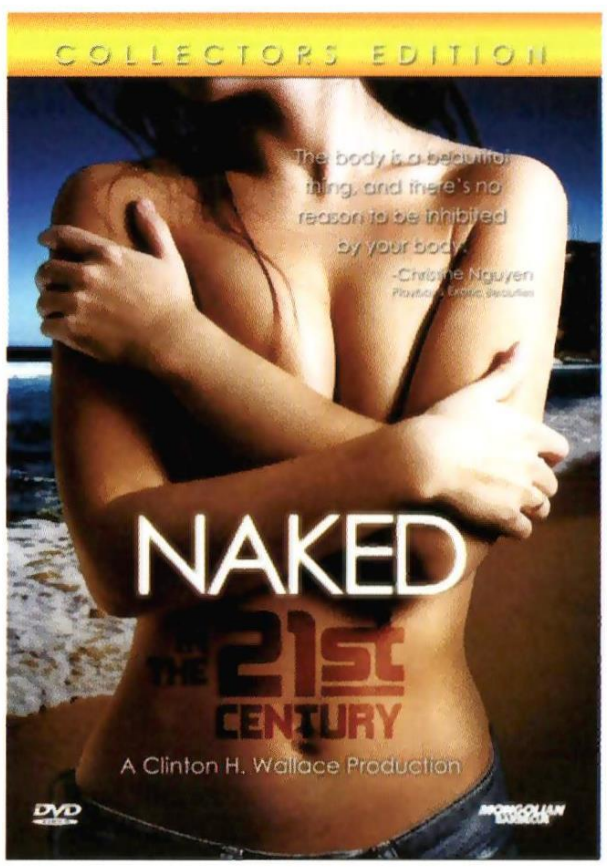
American Nudist

Taylor (T.L. Young) is a photographer, screenwriter and former nudist who longs for the carefree, clothes-free days when he ran a nudist bed-and-breakfast with his girlfriend Angela (Alicia Arden). Feeling uninspired while mourning the good old days, his life changes when he meets his new muse, the alluring Jennifer (Magda Marcella).

The film is presented in non-linear scenes inspired by Fellini's "8½" and Bob Fosse's "All That Jazz."

VAD32 DVD $19.99


COLLECTORS EDITION
The body is a beautiful thing, and there's no reason to be inhibited by your body.
-Christine Nguyen
NAKED
IN THE 21st CENTURY
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Naked in the 21st Century

Nudity in the movies has been banned and slowly reemerged, ultimately becoming commonplace. NAKED IN THE 21ST CENTURY takes a look at this evolution and compares it to the lives of real-life nudists. The history of nudism and nudist films is contrasted with the nudist lifestyle today in this entertaining documentary. The film also takes you behind the scenes to the making of a new naturist film, "The Naked Place."

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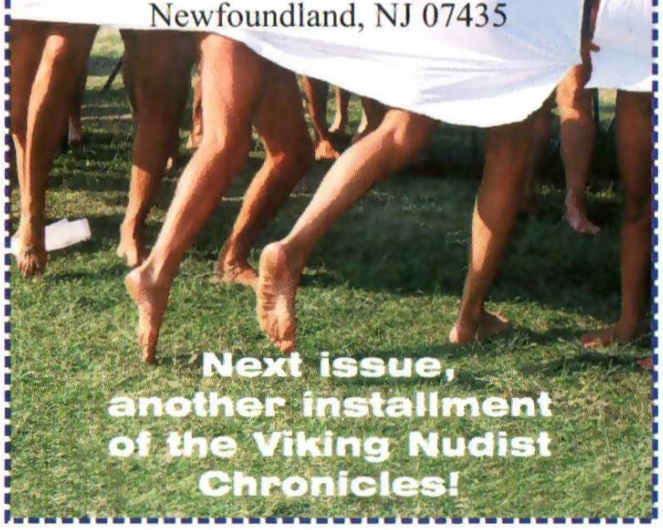

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